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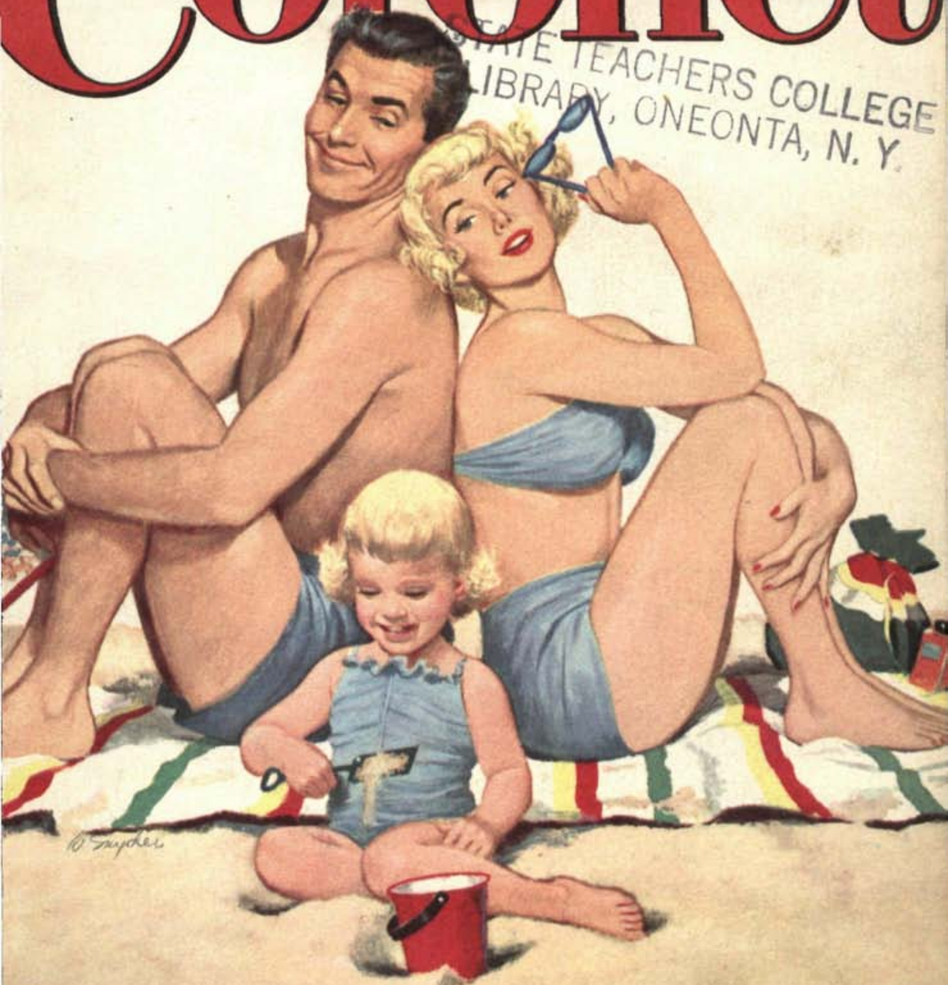


THE CRUCIAL YEARS FOR WOMEN

Frank Facts to Dispel Old Fears

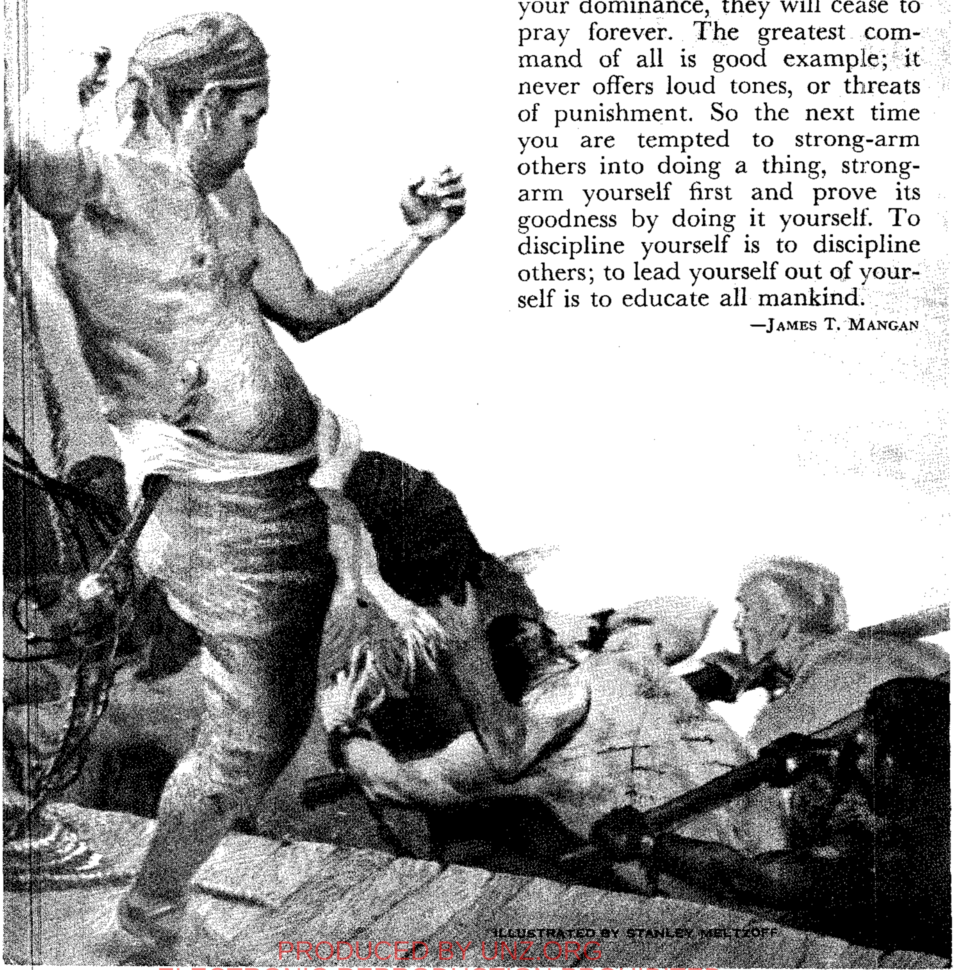
WHAT KEEPS CLARK GABLE CLICKING?

Beware the Lash!

"Compulsion repels; impulsion impels."
—*Edward Earle Purinton*

SHOUT A BLUNT COMMAND to another, stiffen it with a brutal threat, and although he obeys, he will begin thinking of ways and means to disobey and thwart you later. Order your children to say their prayers, *force* them to pray—and just as soon as they are free of your dominance, they will cease to pray forever. The greatest command of all is good example; it never offers loud tones, or threats of punishment. So the next time you are tempted to strong-arm others into doing a thing, strong-arm yourself first and prove its goodness by doing it yourself. To discipline yourself is to discipline others; to lead yourself out of yourself is to educate all mankind.

—James T. Mangan



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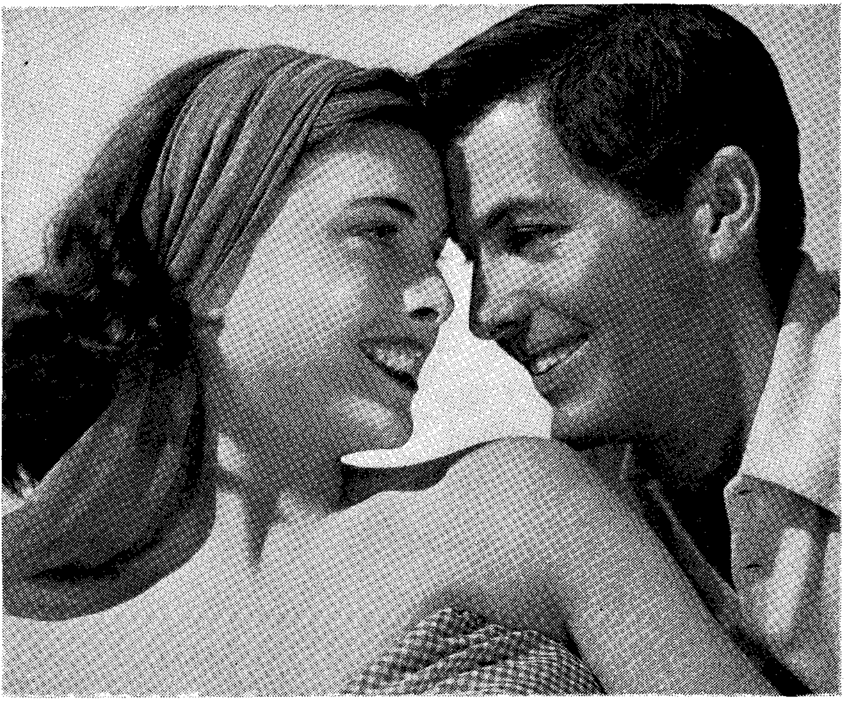


Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Naturally, you'd like to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth. And you *will* have, if you do what dentists advise: fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

*With famous Ipana and massage—you *can guard your teeth and gums* BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or any other—has been proved more effective than Ipana *to fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

So get this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome."

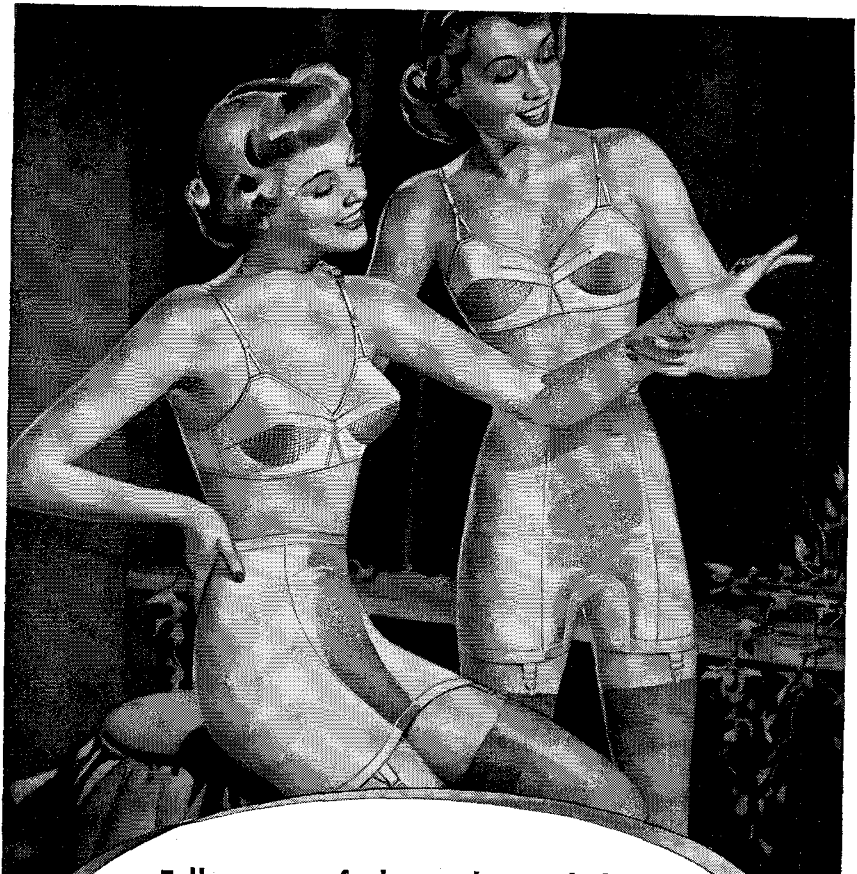
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Fall campus fashions demand the subtle figure-flattery of "skippies"

Specially designed to make this Fall's campus clothes look just right on you, Skippies are made exactly as you slimsters like 'em. Feather-light and action-right . . . they keep you sleek 'n' smooth *without heavy bones!* In 3 different elastics—3 different lengths—styles and colors to suit *you.*

***Girdles from* $3.00** ***Panties from* $3.50**
(4 detachable garters)

"skippies" BY Formfit

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Coronet

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Coronet *Recommends...*

"FATHER OF THE BRIDE"

BECAUSE even as they laugh at his problems, all fathers will feel a kinship with harried Stanley Banks (*Spencer Tracy*). One day he is a contented suburban parent; next day his daughter (*Elizabeth Taylor*) becomes engaged. From then on, Banks' placid way of life is shattered by an unending series of crises involving caterers, dressmakers, and lovers' quarrels. M-G-M's hilarious approach to the wedding day has resulted in a top-notch comedy.

"SUNSET BOULEVARD"

BECAUSE Gloria Swanson, glamorous star of earlier Hollywood epics, has returned to the screen in a tense tragedy of frustration. Paramount's story of a faded screen star and an embittered young script writer (*William Holden*) is grimly real in its setting of swimming pools, opulent homes, and the unrelenting memories that finally goad Norma Desmond to murder. At Academy Award time, Gloria Swanson should be a top contender.

"TREASURE ISLAND"

BECAUSE the Walt Disney-R-K-O-Radio version of this Robert Louis Stevenson thriller is a faithful book-to-screen translation of one of literature's all-time best sellers. Young Bobby Driscoll plays Jim Hawkins, the lad who discovers a pirate's treasure map. Robert Newton is superb as the soft-hearted buccaneer, Long John Silver. The memory of a macabre parrot chanting, "Pieces of eight!" will ring in your ears a long time.

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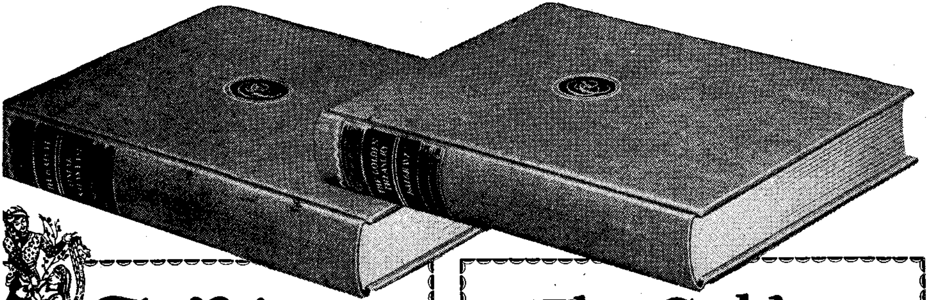
ter J. Black Invites You to Accept Both of these Beautifully Bound and Decorated Editions for Your Personal Library



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FitzGerald's Five Versions, Edited & Introduced by

GORDON S. HAIGHT

HERE is a book treasured wherever English is spoken. A single one of its haunting verses is enough to send your imagination soaring far beyond the four walls of everyday life. You will arise from your reading refreshed and wiser in the ways of enjoying life's tasks with new vigor and courage!

This beautiful De Luxe edition is the first of two handsome *matched* volumes which you may now have *free*, as a gift from The Classics Club!

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The Most Famous Anthology of England's Poetic Literature, Compiled by

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

THIS is the ultimate authority on English verse, from the Elizabethan simplicity of Ben Jonson to the passionate realities of Shakespeare. All of the greatest talents are here —Shelley, Keats, Milton, Pope, and all the rest. Here are poems to take into your heart and read again and again for inspiration whenever you wish.

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Spotlight on the Bible

THE UNEASY SILENCE in the Los Angeles veterans' hospital was not relieved when the big, lumbering man, hair and tie askew, said he was going to read the Bible. There were even a few disheartened grumbles from the rear of the ward. Then, Charles Laughton, in his very best Captain Bligh tones, commanded silence, and began to read the story of David and Goliath.

Almost immediately the mutterings faded as one of the world's greatest character actors held his audience in hypnotized attention. Charles Laughton had begun a series of Bible-readings that were to make his face familiar in churches, synagogues, and veterans' hospitals throughout the country.

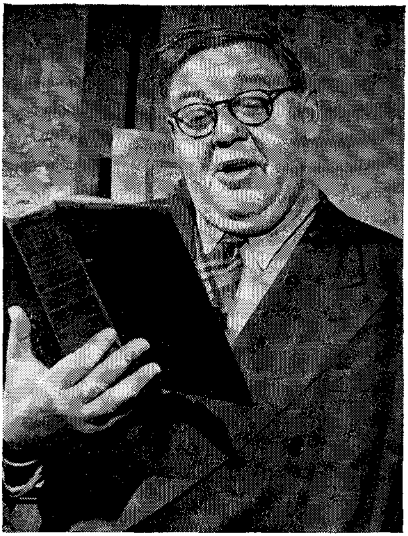
During the war, despite a rich film contract, Laughton was "an unemployed actor," according to his wife, Elsa Lanchester. "She meant my energies weren't being used fully in pictures," he explained. "She was right."

Having been confined in a British veterans' hospital during World War I, Laughton thought of doing something for the veterans of this war to relieve the tedium of an Army hospital.

Along the mysterious grapevine, the word passed from one hospital to the next that Laughton's readings from the Bible were something to hear. And wherever he went, Laughton had the same experience: the vets would listen patiently and quietly as he read from Shakespeare and Dickens. Then one would invariably ask: "Will you read something from the Bible for us, Mr. Laughton?" And from his pile of books, Laughton would pull a well-thumbed Bible and begin to bring the ancient words to vivid life for all within hearing.

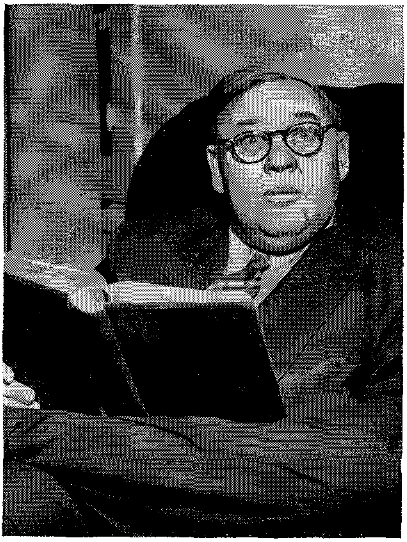
"I will meditate in Thy precepts, and have respect unto Thy ways . . . I will not forget Thy word."

"Such knowledge is too wonderful for me . . . I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from Thy spirit?"



"We will rejoice in Thy salvation . . . we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfill all Thy petitions."

"Behold, a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury . . . it shall . . . fall upon the head of the wicked."



"For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him."

"Is not My word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

Secondhand shoes are carefully scrutinized. They may come from an ash can.

Magazine stalls are popular among scholars and students seeking back issues.

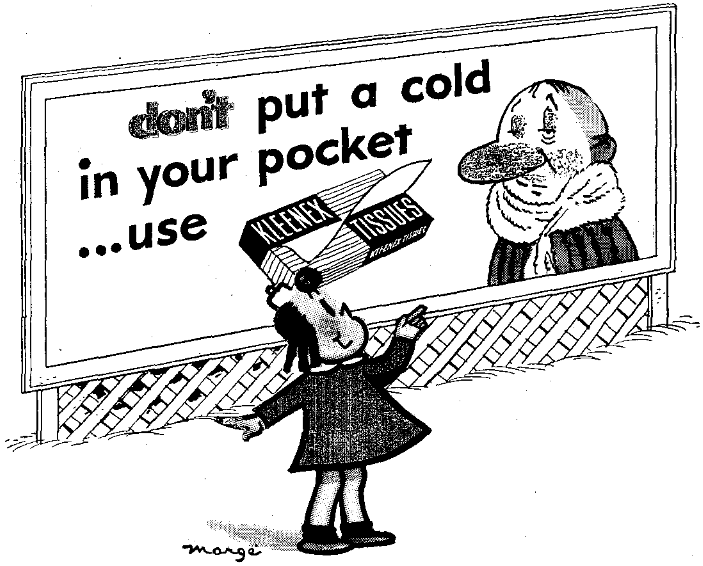
The wares of a flea marketeer might equip a gymnasium or an artist's studio.

Dresses may not have a Champs-Élysées look, but they are Paris' best buys.

BARGAINS IN PARIS

How it started, no one knows. Where its amazing collection of junk comes from, nobody cares. But for years the Paris flea market has been the bargain-seeker's happiest hunting ground. Here are 3,000 stalls, tents, and pushcarts. Here are accordions and ax handles, zircons and xylophones, genuine antiques—and enticingly dusty but worthless art works. But the market's lure is such that at a recent Paris meeting of the U.N. many a delegate was seen at the bazaar, avidly searching out irresistible bargains.

LITTLE LULU


don't put a cold in your pocket
...use
KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX TISSUES
marge

You'll like 'em for hay fever, too–Mister!

Little Lulu says: TO KEEP WEEPY EYES AND NOSES OUT OF THE RED – NO OTHER TISSUE'S JUST LIKE KLEENEX!* SOFT, STRONG, ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES SOOTHE SNIFFLE-SORENESS, CATCH EVEN JUMBO-SIZE "KERCHOOS"!

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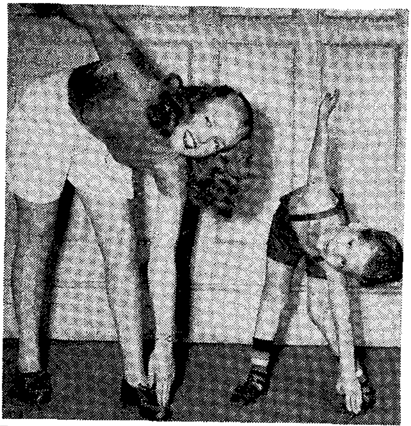


Regular exercises help Roberta Downs and her son Charles to keep fit together.

Betty Daly is proof that motherhood improves a model's looks and her figure.

Betty Jane Reynolds spends nearly all her free hours with daughter Carol Ann.

A once-in-a-lifetime thrill for Vivian Gray would be to pose with son Kenneth.

Model Mothers

About a quarter of New York's glamorous models lead double lives: when the cameras have recorded the brilliant smiles that will decorate the nation's billboards and magazine covers, these ambitious career girls hurry home to the job with which all mothers are familiar—looking after baby. This sort of double-barreled existence must, of necessity, demand a close schedule. But these Walter Thornton models are prime examples of the rewards in well-being for the successful model who is also a happy mother.

Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

FILM dulls your smile
FILM spoils your breath
FILM speeds tooth decay!

Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. *Don't let decay start in your mouth!* Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE • CONTAINS IRIUM

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

Classes in a large Lisbon bull ring help to accustom students to the real thing.

Finishing flourishes of the cape are intently studied. They will win applause.

The greatest matadors never move their feet in the face of a bull's angry charge.

A dexterous twist of the body, a flash of the *bandarilha:* the bull is pricked!

SCHOOL FOR HEROES

Bullfighting is to Portugal what baseball is to America. And, like our baseball heroes, Portugal's matadors come up through the minor leagues. There are unrewarding days of fighting imitation bulls and unspectacular amateur service with young bulls.

This training, and years of waiting for a professional bid, may convince even the most determined students that their future lies far from the arena. But, for those who persevere, national glory is the reward. One may even become the Babe Ruth of Portugal!

Are our traditions "old-fashioned?"
Is America's historic past dead?

Our Living Declaration of Independence

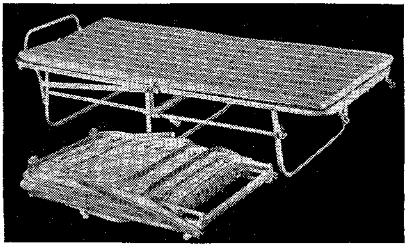
. . . stirring new 16mm motion picture by Coronet Films gives the dramatic answers. Now—Coronet Films brings a timely reply to those who challenge our sacred ideas of Free Enterprise, Pursuit of Happiness, and Equality of Opportunity.

In the striking contrast between the life of an American immigrant in his old European homeland—and in the United States today—you'll gain a new and deeper appreciation of what the Declaration of Independence really means.

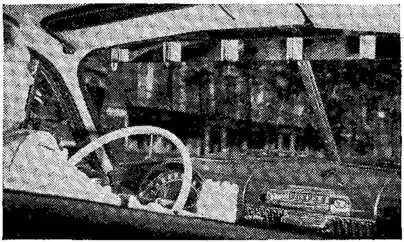
Every American—young and old—should have the background in government and democratic processes offered by these Coronet instructional films: *Are You A Good Citizen? Basic Court Procedures, The President's Cabinet, How We Elect Our Representatives, The Powers of Congress.* For complete details, write *today* to:

Coronet Films CORONET BUILDING
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

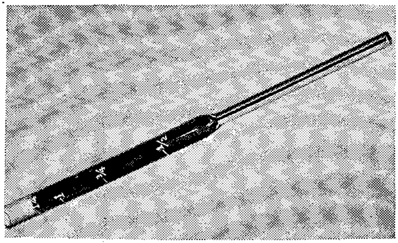
Coronet's Family Shopper



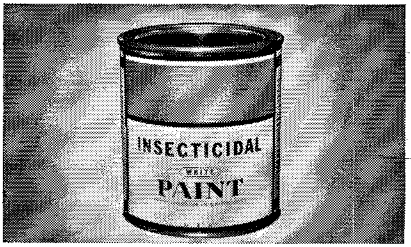
OVERNIGHT company or a sleep-in sitter will appreciate this folding cot with foam-rubber mattress. So compact that it fits under a bed or behind a door, it's full size when unfolded (item 91).



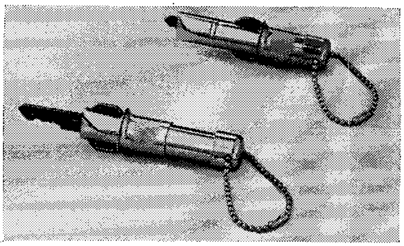
WITH THIS five-panel rear-vision mirror you can see what is behind and on both sides of your car. Readily attached in place of your present mirror, it makes driving a lot safer (item 93).



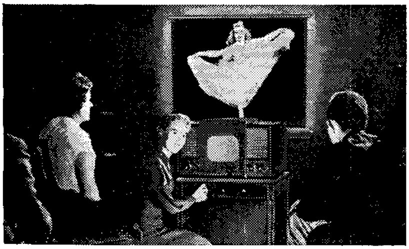
YOU GET PERFECT jelly when you test the fruit juice in this sugar meter. Put in a tablespoon, and it tells the amount of sugar and pectin to add for just the proper consistency (item 95).



USE THIS PAINT on kitchen or bathroom woodwork, and ants, roaches, and other troublesome bugs die on contact. The insecticide lasts as long as the paint. And it's available in colors (item 92).



YOU CAN'T LEAVE keys in the ignition of your car if you use this amazing device. Turn off the motor and the key is automatically deposited in your hand. Foils thieves, ends lockouts (item 94).



PRODUCE A three-by-four-foot projected image of television programs by having your table model hooked up to this cabinet. Flip a switch to have direct or projected viewing (item 96).

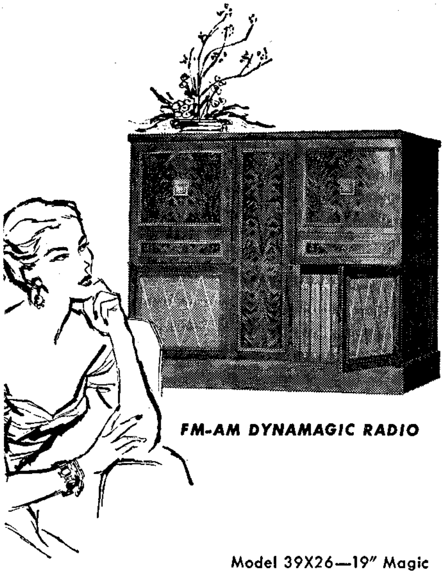
For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Clear Close Up!

Contrary to popular belief you don't need a big room . . . you don't have to sit 'way back to enjoy big picture television. Now . . . with Admiral's revolutionary new "Filteray" tube, you can sit as close as you please . . . as close as 3 ft. . . . and enjoy clear, sharp, glare-free pictures on a big 19″ screen. Eventually you'll want the biggest . . . why not get it now?

Admiral

America's Smart Set

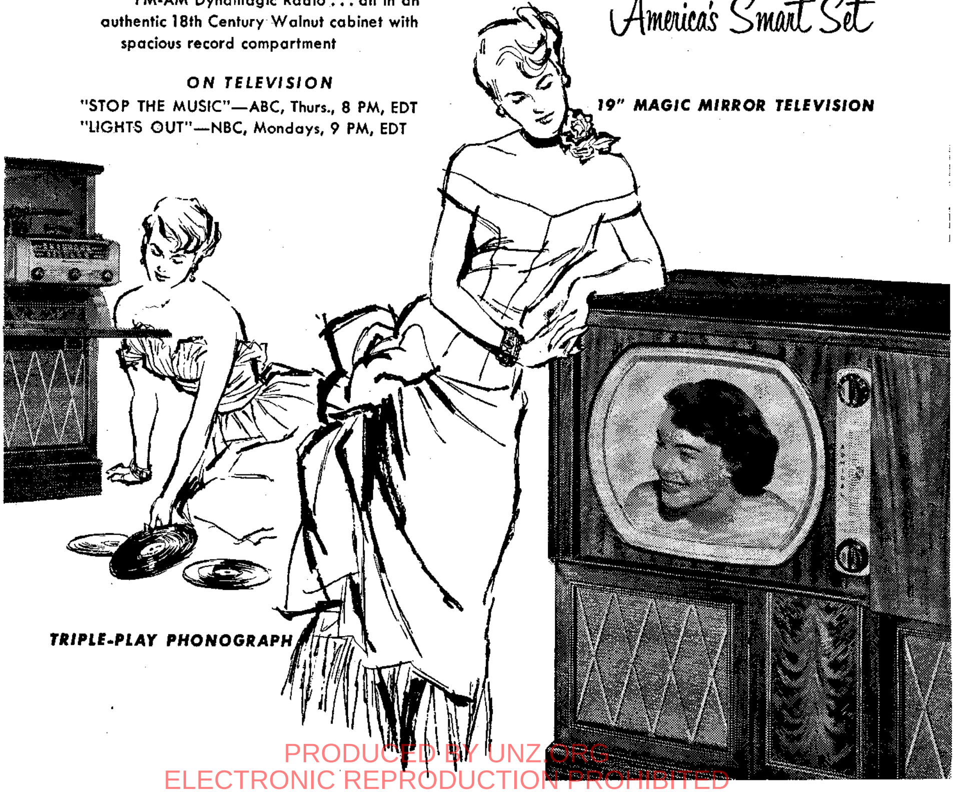

FM-AM DYNAMAGIC RADIO

Model 39X26—19″ Magic Mirror Television with Triple-Play Phonograph (for 33⅓, 45, 78 rpm records) and FM-AM Dynamagic Radio . . . all in an authentic 18th Century Walnut cabinet with spacious record compartment

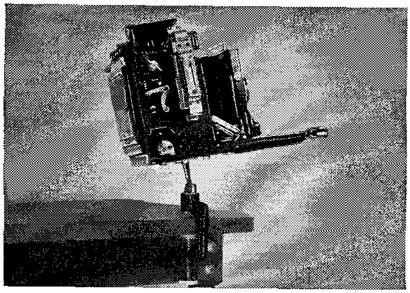
ON TELEVISION

"STOP THE MUSIC"—ABC, Thurs., 8 PM, EDT

"LIGHTS OUT"—NBC, Mondays, 9 PM, EDT

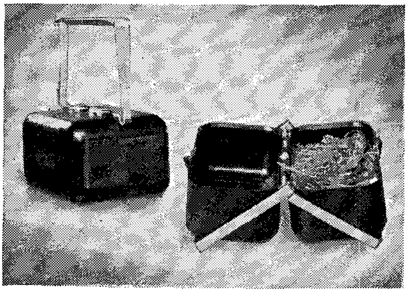

19″ MAGIC MIRROR TELEVISION
TRIPLE-PLAY PHONOGRAPH

Coronet's Family Shopper



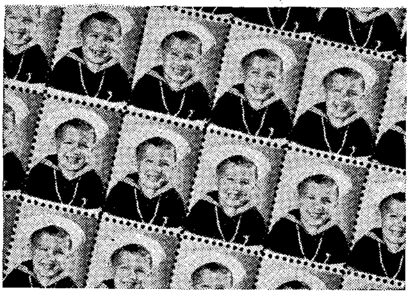
GET TRIPOD performance without tripod weight or expense with this device which holds a camera of any size or weight in any position. It clamps securely to furniture, tree branch, car window, or fence, and won't scratch because it's rubber-padded (item 97).

THIS BAIT BOX keeps the fisherman and his worms happy. When worms crawl to the bottom, just flip the box and they're within easy reach. The worms live longer and tempt more fish. The leg brackets of the plastic box fold to form a convenient handle (item 98).



THESE WORK SHOES become high shoes, perfect for hunting or hiking, by zipping cuffs to their tops. On army lasts, they are made of brown elk, paratroop style, with rawhide laces. Now one pair of shoes does the work of two, saving you time and money (item 99).

PUT A PICTURE of your child, house, or pet on letters, greeting cards, and announcements. Reproduced from a snapshot which is returned to you unharmed, these gum-backed stamps add a personal touch to correspondence. Inexpensive and unusual (item 100).



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Salad Success!

Serve your salads perfectly dressed—with mildly tart Ann Page Salad Dressing or delicate-tasting Ann Page Mayonnaise . . . both rich and creamy-smooth, both top quality.

Fine Foods Needn't Be Expensive!

Ann Page Foods, you know, are made of choice ingredients in A&P's own modern Ann Page food kitchens and sold to you in A&P stores, thus eliminating many unnecessary in-between expenses. The savings made in this way are shared with you!

ANN PAGE
MAYONNAISE
ANN PAGE
SALAD DRESSING
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
ANN PAGE
proves...
Fine Foods Needn't Be Expensive!
A&P

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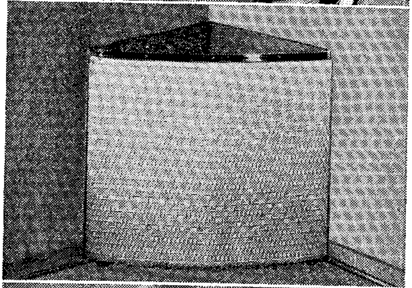

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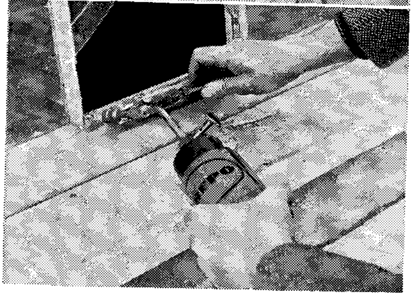

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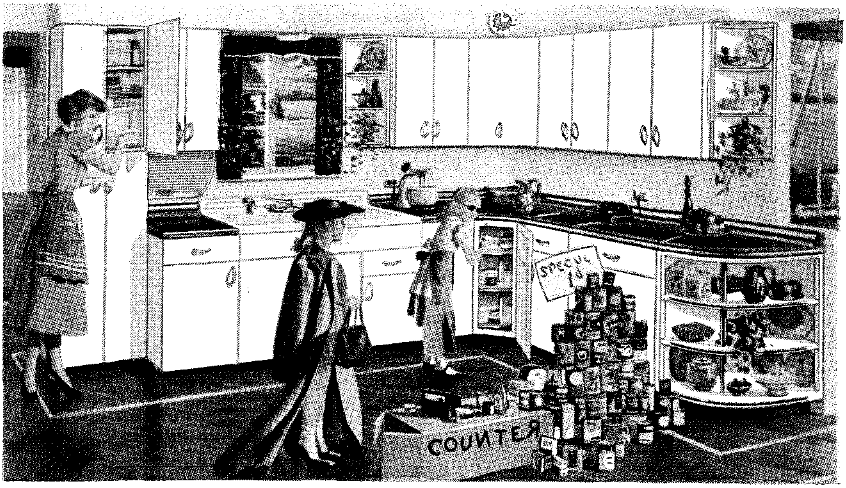

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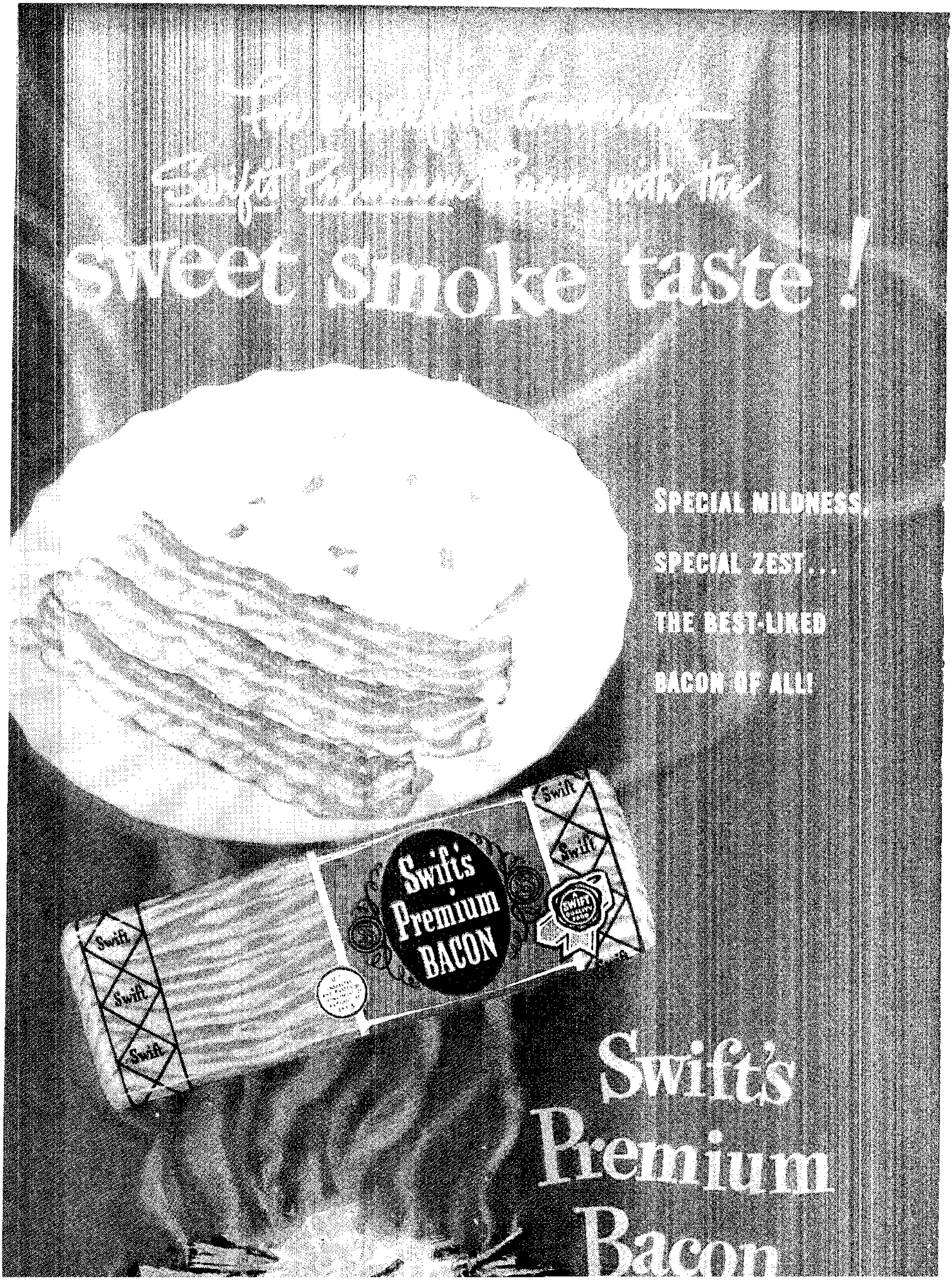
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Vol. 28, No. 4 August, 1950

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

A LETTER *To My Children*

by DAVIS HILL

THIS MUST COME as a shock to the three of you—a letter from the Old Man. Mother has always written you for us when each of you was away from home, and I merely added the joking P. S.; but tonight we are on the threshold of something important, something that will change our entire lives. I want you to know that I realize this fully, and I want you to know how much it means to me.

Many times, during our years together, I've wondered if you understood me, or if I understood you. I've wondered if we have loved you enough.

You see, as you entered our lives, Mother and I thought you would be more dependent on us than you proved to be. We weren't prepared to lose you so quickly to your friends, your school, the world.

We felt, I suppose, that ours would be a warm, tightly knit family, complementary and self-sufficient. Perhaps we have been that more than I know. Yet, I find myself fearing that there was never quite enough of me to cope with your intellects, your ambitions, the individuals you became.

Kitty, Leslie, Dan — my kids. Kitty, sober in her wrong decision that, because she was our first child, we wanted her to be a boy; Leslie, aloof on an island of his own thoughts; Dan, gay, volatile, happily lost in his stardust world of private laughter.

Can I tell you what it's been like to watch you grow from your first minute of life? You've been an endless, gentle conflict for me, a soft mystery I could never solve. These years of ours are studded with electric moments of fulfillment, yet there were so many times when we reached for each other and touched only the cold nothing of misunderstanding, disappointment and tears.

My Kitty darling, how incomplete you made me feel through those hours you brooded because you thought we loved you less for being a girl. I found hints of your feeling from the very beginning, and there was no way I could tell you that you were wrong.

Oh, I know that when Leslie was born I became slightly hysterical with joy, but only a man can understand that. Still, though you were only four years old, I think you sensed it in a way.

You came to me one night as I stood watching Leslie in his crib, and you asked, "Daddy, why do you look at him so much?"

Did you expect an answer? I couldn't tell you then, any more than I could now, what it means to a man to have a son. A daughter, Kitty, is a lovely thing. She makes him feel that, until her, nothing really mattered; she makes him want to be a better man for her sake, to work harder so that her life will always be soft and good and bright with beauty.

But a son, Kitty, makes a man stand erect. Here is a new life to be molded. Here is a man's second chance to be great. Into this pink, screeching miracle will go all the ideals, ambitions, opportunities, privileges which his father sacrificed or was denied.

That's it, Kitty. Nothing more. But love you less? . . . Have I a favorite eye? Is one of my fingers more important than another? But you grew up, Kitty, with that heartache locked in you, and you locked yourself away from me.

LESLIE WAS THE FIRST to prove to Mother and me that we had to share our children with the world. Remember the Saturday afternoon of your ninth birthday, Les, when you appeared at the back door with your first black eye? Mother and I were stunned.

"You've been in a fight," Mother said, her sternest reprimand.

"No," you said. "I broke one up."

We should have scolded you, I suppose, but we didn't know how in the face of what you had done. You explained no more of it, and from your silence we realized that you had taken your first step away from us, that there were outsiders in your life who were so important to you that you risked a black eye to break up a fight that probably didn't concern you at all.

Dan was one of us then, the all-seeing Dan who met life with a grin, the pudgy kid with the mass of brown curls. Remember *your* first black eye, Dan?

You burst into the house, your face yellow-purple. Before Mother could scold you, you kissed her and grinned, asking, "Ain't it a beaut?" Then you winked at me and said, "You should see the other guy!"

And I had to leave the room to control my laughter.

So there we were, a family, getting the habit of each other, growing older in the shadow of our separateness, sharing the coincidence of having the same blood.

The first full day without one of you was like a little death. Kitty had gone to spend the night with Julie Carter. She was just down the street, but she might as well have been in China. Her vacant place at dinner kept Mother silent and, when the boys said good-night before going to bed, the absence of Kitty's kiss and her light steps on the stairs made the house a tomb.

You returned the next day, Kitty, less moved or concerned about it all than if you had merely gone to the corner drugstore for a magazine. I didn't realize then that you were looking to your friends for the attention you thought we denied you because you weren't a boy.

I learned how keenly you felt this the night I accidentally eavesdropped on a conversation you had with Leslie when you were both in your teens. Leslie was saying, "Well, we can't both have bicycles. Dad can't afford that."

I could almost see you toss your head in a gentle pout as you said, "Then I suppose you'll get it, since you're the family pet."

Leslie tried to be wise. "A boy needs a bike more than a girl."

"All my friends have bicycles," you said, "and I'm always left behind when they go off on parties."

"That's too bad," Leslie said. "I guess we'll have to let *them* decide it, then."

Them. Your Mother and Dad, a pronoun. I wanted to buy bicycles for both of you, and for Dan as well; but Mother settled the issue when she decided there would be no bikes for anybody. She was afraid one of you might be injured, as many of your friends had been.

Instead of dismissing the matter as closed, the two of you turned against your parents, and, Kitty, you accused us of trying to keep the fun out of your life. You went to your room and cried, and Leslie went for a long walk.

There was nothing I could say. In her way, your mother was probably right. But perhaps I shouldn't have expected you to understand that parents never cease protecting their children from the world, and even from themselves.

I can tell you now that I was worried about all of you then. I wondered if my family was truly a single unit. I wondered if we might be five forces, combating each other, and I think sometimes we were. You may consider this a strange thing for me to say, but tonight I am grateful for the near-catastrophe that united us.

You were almost 16, Kitty, when we rushed Mother to the hospital. All night, you three sat there with me as the doctors struggled to keep Mother with us. With the morning came the three hours of surgery, and then the seven months of waiting until Mother was able to return home.

No matter what happens to you, Kitty, I'll never be prouder of you than I was during those seven months. You shopped, you cooked, you cleaned house, you even managed to put Leslie and Dan to work. You surrendered your friends without a word, and I'll never know how you were able to keep up your schoolwork and the house, too. I remember the way you came to me each night to make your daily report, the expense book we balanced every week, and the pride we felt because, despite Mother's hospital bills, we were able to make small deposits at the bank.

Dan put it into words for me when he said, "Gosh, Dad, ain't you glad Kitty's a girl, like Ma?"

"Aren't," was all you said, correcting him. But I watched a new brightness enter your eyes; and I knew at that moment we had all become friends, that your feelings of neglect and rejection died because you realized at last how much we needed you.

UNITY DESCENDED upon us then, and there was a new warmth in the house. When Mother came home, she linked us together in a bright chain of happiness and purpose. The unity achieved more: it bound the three of you into a bold front that once almost erupted in a mutiny.

The country club. Everybody was joining it, you said. Could we?

Apparently, you had all discussed the subject thoroughly, because your attack was well planned. As spokesman, Kitty recited the membership benefits, and she took everything into consideration except the expense.

You were crushed when I said we couldn't afford it. You didn't agree that repairs to the house were more important. And I think you were a little disappointed in me because I only worked in a bank and didn't own it. It wouldn't have meant much then to explain that even more important to me than the house were the college educations I wanted for all of you.

If we could have foreseen that I would have only Kitty to send to college, perhaps we might have gone ahead with the country club. But we couldn't do that, we couldn't foresee the war.

It came, and with it on your seventeenth birthday, Leslie, you came with a Navy enlistment blank. What could I say? It was what you wanted, because you thought defending your country was the right thing to do. I had no argument against that. I could only remember your first black eye and the fight you broke up when you got it, and I was able to understand you more.

So I said, "Good boy." And we shook hands.

Off you went, and each week came your letters from strange places you couldn't mention, islands with code names, ships with numbers, and your discreet references to the combat you saw. You were on an aircraft carrier, and I couldn't see a picture of one, in a newspaper or the newsreels, without trembling a little for you.

Mother wrote you our news. Kitty was at college and doing well, and Dan suffered impatiently at high school, eager to follow you into uniform.

Oh, Dan! Sweet Dan! I never called you that, but now so many times I wish I had. I wish I had hugged you more, mussed your hair, wrestled with you on the living-room floor as you often challenged me, even when you were 18, suddenly tall and thin, your voice a surprising bass, your laughter everywhere in the house like music from the walls.

Mother and I visited you in North Carolina that last week end before you went overseas. You were a lightning of excitement, a thunder of pride. You thought the war would go on forever unless your outfit got into it.

We still have the telegram from the War Department, the letter from the chaplain, and the beautiful, stumbling effort of your buddy who held your hand as you died. It's good to know that others loved you. You know that I still do. How many nights have I driven alone to where you are now, how long have I stood in the cold darkness to be near you?

Victory was an empty thing for me. True, it brought Leslie home, and part of the vacuum was filled. Kitty began to teach then, and all of us tried to go on, pretending that nothing had happened, that we were still five.

We were, in a way. Fred Johnston came into our lives. He returned from the Army and resumed teaching at Kitty's school. How could he resist Kitty—how could any man? We saw a lot of him, and we knew from the start, as he must have known, that he would become one of us.

Mother and I watched you closely, Les. Too often you slipped away from us, even when we sat in the same room. We never asked what you wanted to do, because we knew that one day you'd tell us.

We went fishing, you and I, on a gray fall day. In the boat in the middle of the lake, you said: "Dad, I think I'll be a missionary."

Are you serious? You nodded. Do you have good reasons? You nodded again. Is it the war, or Dan? Is it a girl? No, nothing like that. Do you want to talk about it?

"No, Dad. I just think that's the way it's got to be."

And that settled it. Mother cried a little, but not in front of you. We drove you to the theological school and had brave good-byes because we thought we were losing you. But we know differently now. There is a crystal brilliance in your letters which says you have found the reasons for yourself. Mother and I are happy because we know you are happy.

You were home at Christmas, in the kitchen wrapping gifts with Mother and me, when Kitty and Fred strolled to us, their arms about each other. Kitty lifted her hand and showed us the ring.

There were handshakes and kisses and tears, and I said to Fred, "Don't you think you should have asked me?" All of us laughed, and toasted each other with eggnogs.

NOW THREE YEARS have rushed away with the same cruel speed of the past 26 years we've been a family. I cannot relive a single moment of it, though there are so many I want to face again.

I want to say yes to all those hungers you had that I refused. I want to escape the fear that you might still look upon me as the Big No. I want money for all those things we couldn't afford. I want to know the harmlessness of all the fun I denied you because I was afraid and uncertain. I want my heart to have a voice so I can love you louder.

Three children I had, and I gave them all away: one to God, one to his country, and one to another man;

yet, I am richer for the immeasurable wealth they gave me in wisdom, in knowledge of themselves. I'm grateful for these years God loaned them to me, for the responsibilities of them and the love of them that made me a man.

Now I will take my hat from the hall tree that Dan built at high school, and I'll cross the park where the three of you played, then on to the hospital where, Kitty, you are about to live a miracle.

Fred will be sitting in the waiting room, nervous and afraid, while Mother struggles to make conversation. Together, we shall wait for the new generation to begin.

Fred, I wish I could teach you tonight what it took me years to learn. Oh, I know what you're thinking now: your dreams, your plans, your hopes, the love like a volcano inside you.

Let me tell you this: the instant you take your child in your arms, he will start a cold war against you. With the weapons of his smile, his tears, his love, and your blood, he will challenge you your life long. You will have to conquer an army of influences: his friends, his school, his whims, his job, his loves. And, strangely, your strongest and weakest weapon will be the fact that you love him, love him sometimes even more than you will your wife.

Through it all, you can only pray that when your child faces important decisions he may recall some of the things you told him, that one day he will accept you as his father, his friend, and his slave.

Thank you, my children, for this life. Thank You, God, for the loan of their three souls. I have been awkward, I have made mistakes, I have been silent in my inadequacy, but I have done my best. There is nothing more I can say.

Explanations Are in Order

REMOVING finger smudges from the doors in the house, Mother asked, "Ann, are your hands dirty? Did you put them on the doors?"

"Oh, no," replied Ann. "Those can't be my finger marks—I always kick the doors open!"

—JEAN BOBLITT

LONDON STREET CLEANERS finally won their demands for a five-day week. After a brief period they requested a return to their former five-and-a-half-day schedule. The explanation? Their wives were insisting they devote Saturday morning to household chores.

—SUZANNE DENIM

IN VIRGINIA, a judge dismissed intoxication charges against a man when he explained: "A woman told me to build a new henhouse out of the materials from the old, but not to tear down the old until I'd finished the new."

—HAROLD HELFER

THE GREAT DELUSION

by C. E. WILSON
(President, General Motors Corporation)

In my own fifty years of experience and memory, I have seen in America the most rapid increase in the standard of living the world has ever known. This is why I am so sure that our system of free competition and industrial development is sound. I have seen what it produced. I have seen what it can do. I have seen my friends and neighbors profit by it.

I do not understand how anyone who has witnessed all these developments, starting with the great home improvements of modern plumbing and electric lights, and followed by the automobile, airplane, and radio, can believe our system is fundamentally wrong. Nor do I understand why any American should suffer from the great delusion that any form of statism which promotes the dictatorship of the few instead of the initiative of the millions, can produce a happier and more prosperous society.

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK OTT

MAGIC EYEDROPS HALT BLINDNESS!

by **NORMAN CARLISLE**

A remarkable chemical, DFP, has joined medicine's all-out attack on eye diseases

THERE WAS ANGUISH in the voice of the old man as he said tremulously, "I'm going blind, doctor."

The doctor shook his head. "Maybe not," he said quietly. "I want you to try these drops."

The amazed patient, a victim of a vicious eye-killer called glaucoma, looked at the little bottle. "You mean this could keep me from going blind?" He found it hard to believe that the drops would do any good, but he went home to carry out the doctor's instructions.

Once a day he put a single drop into each eye. Without surgery, or any more complicated medication, the approaching blindness was stopped. True, he would have to continue this treatment, as the diabetes victim must keep using insulin, but this seemed a small price to pay for the chance to see again.

The fact that the sight of a man on the verge of total sightlessness could be saved by a few drops of a mysterious chemical is only one of the miracles that are enabling medicine to make a spectacular assault on the menace of blindness.

For dramatic evidence of success in one sector of the fight against blindness, consider the recent discoveries about combating glaucoma, an ailment which menaces nearly a million people. Glaucoma is a condition in which pressure develops in the eyeballs due to a clogging of the usual channels through which flows the eye fluid known as the "aqueous humor." The pressure can become so great as to destroy sight. In some cases, the condition is caused by other ailments and is easily explained. But so-called "primary" glaucoma has long baffled medicine.

The problem in glaucoma is to

decrease the pressure in the eyeballs. That can be accomplished by surgery, through cutting a new drainage channel to permit the fluid to drain off, or it can be done chemically through the application of eyedrops. Because they usually choose the drops as the best method of treating the most common form of glaucoma, doctors have long wished for some chemical that would have the right effect without the frequent applications necessary with such substances as Prostigmine.

That seemed hopeless until, one day, a chemist working with a gas called DFP noticed that the pupils of his eyes had contracted.

When he mentioned this to an eye specialist at Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland, the doctor started experimenting with animals. He discovered that less than 1/100th of one per cent of DFP in a peanut-oil solution decreased tension in the eyes and, narrowing pupils to pinpoints, kept them that way, sometimes for days. Results were the same, with no apparent harmful effects, in experiments on people.

At the University of Pennsylvania, doctors treated 52 glaucoma patients, many of them with advanced cases in which other drugs had been unsatisfactory. In one group, tension had been controlled in 43 per cent by ordinary drugs; DFP controlled it in 89 per cent. Moreover, instead of being required from two to five times a day, the usual amounts for other chemicals, DFP once a day was sufficient, and in some cases as infrequently as once every ten days.

Armed with DFP, medicine is now ready for its most determined onslaught on glaucoma. Strangely, its big job is to find the patients, for the majority of the victims of this stealthy enemy of sight do not know they have it until after some vision has been irrevocably lost.

Significant were the results obtained when the Philadelphia Committee for the Prevention of Blindness examined the eyes of employees in various local concerns. Of 4,000 people examined, 1.9 per cent were found to have glaucoma—yet not one of these had suspected it.

GLAUCOMA IS NOT the only vicious disease which is giving ground before the onslaughts of medicine. Another exciting development is the discovery that ACTH, the magic hope for arthritis sufferers, has healing powers for eyes as well.

From 10 to 15 per cent of all blindness is caused by two types of inflammation known as uveitis and choroiditis, for which no satisfactory remedy had ever been found until various researchers asked themselves if there wasn't a possibility that ACTH might have some effect.

One patient was a young woman with 80 per cent of her vision already gone. For five days they gave her injections of ACTH. In those five days a miracle occurred. Her vision had improved to a point only 15 per cent below normal. Even after the ACTH was stopped, there was further improvement.

Another striking success was achieved with a patient who had lost 80 per cent of his vision in two days after an attack of choroiditis. Two weeks of ACTH treatments jumped his sight back to 90 per cent of normal, though it was found that when treatment was stopped he returned to near-blindness. Resumed ACTH treatments promptly returned his sight.

Because, frequently, sight can be saved only by operating, it is encouraging news that eye surgery is making great progress, too. Operations on cataracts, for which surgery is the only answer, are now close to 95 per cent successful! And yet, no surgical development stirs the imagination as much as the one that recently brought telephone calls to the parents of two blind boys in Los Angeles.

The calls sent them rushing to the hospital, where a surgeon was waiting to restore sight to the youngsters who, just a few years before, would have been condemned to lifetime blindness. The doctors could make the promise of this miracle because of an operation based on the discovery that portions of eyes can be "transplanted."

Behind this marvel of medicine is the story of a woman who has helped thousands to see again. In 1922, Aida de Acosta Breckinridge was a happy young Long Island housewife. One day she felt a terrible pain in her eyes. From then on, her sight dimmed until she was almost blind.

Through an English acquaintance she learned about Dr. William Wilmer of Washington, D. C., whom Europeans regarded as one of the greatest eye specialists. She had never heard of Dr. Wilmer, but she found that he was indeed a remarkable physician. He managed to save 20 per cent of the sight in one of her eyes, and deeply impressed her with his ability. The story might have ended there, but a great idea was taking shape in Aida Breckinridge's mind.

Here was a doctor whose tremendous knowledge and skill were not being shared in his field. How about a clinic for eye diseases? Dr. Wilmer laughed drily when she told him her idea. "That," he said, "would take millions."

But before long, Aida Breckinridge's enthusiasm had produced contributions of more than $5,000,000, and the great Wilmer Institute became a reality at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

This led a group of physicians to come to Mrs. Breckinridge with a tremendous idea of their own. They had discovered it was possible to graft corneal tissue from another human eye onto a blinded eye, thus restoring sight.

The eye tissue could be donated by persons who, through surgery, were losing an eye whose cornea was undamaged, or it could be taken from the eyes of recently deceased persons who had willed that their eyes be used to help some blind person see. To be usable, the tissue had to be transplanted within 72 hours after removal. What they needed was an "eye bank" to receive and distribute these donated eyes. Could Aida Breckinridge organize one? The task was enormous, but she plunged into it, and today the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration in New York keeps restoring sight to thousands.

Most amazing fact about the great medical progress in the fight to save sight is the small amount of money that has been available for research. The National Society for the Prevention of Blindness has discovered that we spend more than 50 times as much for the care of the blind as we do on research. Federal agencies are spending $365,000 a year on such research, while the combined expenditures of all the nation's medical schools and laboratories are only $550,000—a total of less than $1,000,000.

THE MOST STARTLING development in the fight against blindness is the theory that man can create a new optical system—a means whereby human beings can see *without eyes!* Utterly fantastic? Yes, if you expect it to happen in the near future, but quite probable if you allow science enough time.

The fact is, you don't actually *see* with your eyes; they are simply mechanisms which collect impressions in the form of light, transform them into some sort of electrical impulse, which in turn stimulates a certain portion of the brain. If the eyes themselves are damaged or even removed, the portion of the brain that receives visual impulses is still capable of being stimulated.

Now suppose that science could construct a transmitting station that would receive electrical impulses. It would be a type of apparatus that could be worn on the head, with electrodes touching the brain so that, if certain electrical signals were sent, they would affect the brain just as would messages received from the eyes. The blind man would *see* a succession of letters, or pictures, depending on the pattern of the impulses picked up and transmitted by the apparatus.

Dr. Wendell J. S. Kreig, famed neuroanatomist at Northwestern University Medical School, believes that such a possibility deserves investigation. His conclusion is based on a number of remarkable studies with animals, as well as study of the human brain itself.

At the University of California at Los Angeles, Dr. Joseph A. Gengerelli and associates have actually installed tiny short-wave radio receivers on the heads of white rats. Depending on the portion of the brain with which the radio is in contact, the rats can be made to perform a variety of activities, just as by sensory stimulation.

Perhaps the most startling experiments of all have been performed by Dr. Walter Hess, co-winner of the 1949 Nobel Prize for Medicine. In his laboratory at Zürich University in Switzerland, he has attached electrodes to the brains of cats and has been able to make a cat "see" without using its eyes.

Here, perhaps, is the hint of a future in which the world of the blind will no longer be a world of darkness.

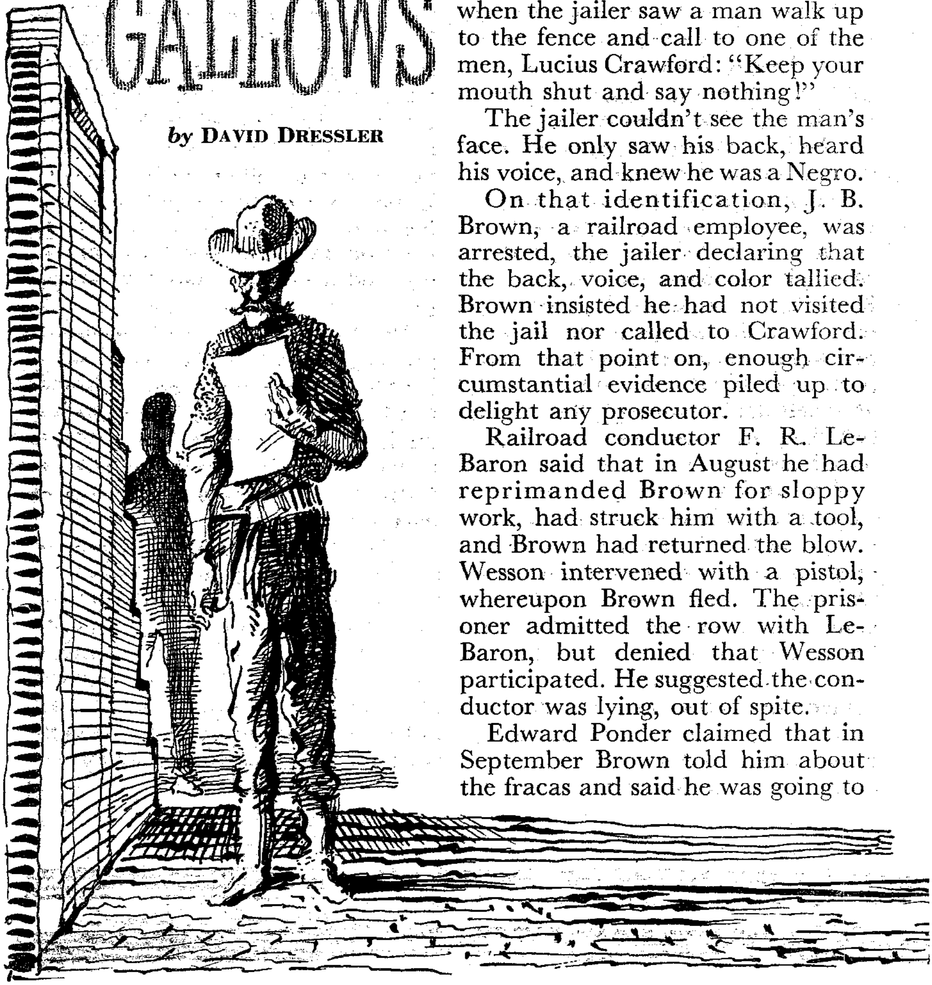
Those Neighbors!

"BUT, DARLING, we seem always to be short of money," the hard-working husband complained. "Why is it? Why?"

"It's the neighbors," the little woman explained. "They're just always doing something we can't afford." —F. P. KERNAN

When Fate Stayed the GALLOWS

by **DAVID DRESSLER**



ON OCTOBER 17, 1901, the body of locomotive engineer Harry E. Wesson was found in a Palatka, Florida, railroad yard. He had been shot through the head. His pockets were rifled, suggesting robbery as the motive.

Zealously, the sheriff arrested three suspects within the day. They were exercising in the lockup yard when the jailer saw a man walk up to the fence and call to one of the men, Lucius Crawford: "Keep your mouth shut and say nothing!"

The jailer couldn't see the man's face. He only saw his back, heard his voice, and knew he was a Negro.

On that identification, J. B. Brown, a railroad employee, was arrested, the jailer declaring that the back, voice, and color tallied. Brown insisted he had not visited the jail nor called to Crawford. From that point on, enough circumstantial evidence piled up to delight any prosecutor.

Railroad conductor F. R. LeBaron said that in August he had reprimanded Brown for sloppy work, had struck him with a tool, and Brown had returned the blow. Wesson intervened with a pistol, whereupon Brown fled. The prisoner admitted the row with LeBaron, but denied that Wesson participated. He suggested the conductor was lying, out of spite.

Edward Ponder claimed that in September Brown told him about the fracas and said he was going to kill Wesson. Brown denied this, hinting Ponder was a friend of LeBaron's. Then one Henry Landon came forward with a story that on October 16, the day *before* the murder, Brown was broke and had tried to borrow a quarter. And others testified that the next day, *after* the killing, Brown had money and played cards with them.

If Brown had ever had a fighting chance, it was gone when a cell mate, Alonzo Mitchell, announced that Brown had confessed to him that he had shot Wesson. And Henry Davis, another cellmate, swore he had heard Brown confess.

The unhappy defendant emphatically denied having confessed to anyone. The defense implied that Mitchell had been introduced into Brown's cell as a stool pigeon, to try to trick the prisoner into a damaging statement. Other prisoners testified they had heard Mitchell tax Brown with the crime, but that the latter had always asserted his innocence.

Nevertheless, the prosecution's circumstantial case convinced the jury, who found Brown guilty. The judge imposed the death sentence. On appeal, the Florida Supreme Court held "there is very little testimony to connect the defendant with the crime," yet it affirmed the conviction nevertheless.

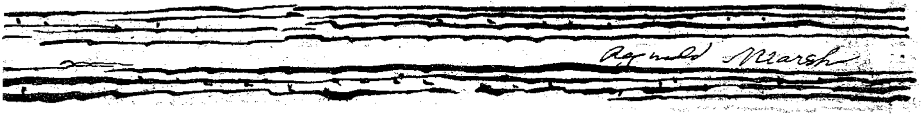
And so, with due ceremony, Brown was conducted to the gallows, still protesting his innocence. The noose was adjusted about his neck. Then, complying with law, the sheriff began to read the death warrant. Sonorously, the awesome judgment rolled off his tongue. Suddenly, he stopped, his eyes popping. Through an amazing error on the part of a clerk, the warrant ordered the execution of the foreman of the jury!

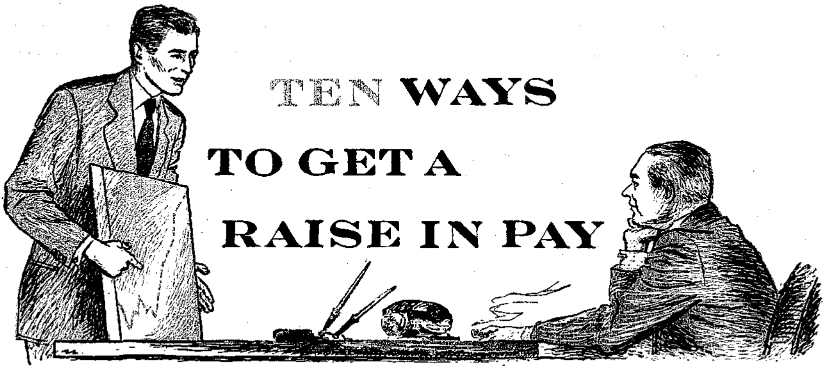
The hanging was postponed; and shortly thereafter the Governor commuted Brown's sentence to life imprisonment. Crawford, who allegedly had been warned to keep his mouth shut, was freed from jail, raising the question as to whether he had ever known anything about the case. And in 1913, one J. J. Johnson made a deathbed confession, admitting he had committed the crime.

Incredulous authorities made a thorough investigation. They were forced to conclude that Johnson was indeed responsible for Wesson's death. And Brown—who almost had been hanged—was innocent, a victim of faulty identification and perjured testimony.

Gov. Park Trammell issued a pardon: Brown was freed and given financial compensation. By then he had served 12 years for a crime he had not committed. Yet he didn't complain. He would have been too dead to enjoy his vindication had not that careless public servant wasted the taxpayers' money by committing a gross error.

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH





TEN WAYS TO GET A RAISE IN PAY

by **Ray Giles**

These common-sense rules will help you get ahead in today's competitive job market

HAVE YOU EVER wondered why Jim or Peg got a raise in pay and you didn't? Did you think it was "pull" or favoritism? Actually, 99 times out of 100, you get a raise when you deserve one, say employers who know it is important to reward good work promptly.

As business becomes more competitive, the tough old rule, "Get ahead or get out!" is back in style. One survey finds employers in 42 principal cities scanning their pay rolls to eliminate the lazy, the inefficient, the chronic absentee, the habitually tardy, and others not likely to rate promotion.

One executive explains: "People don't realize that the wartime gravy train has come to a stop and that competition for jobs and raises will get stiffer and stiffer."

Here, then, are ten proved ways by which you can earn more money in today's competitive job market.

1. *Cultivate a Better Business Personality.* Failure to get ahead is due most often to shortcomings in personality. Even in engineering, 1,500 engineers rated technical skill fifth among six desirable qualities, top places being given to character and judgment as essential to a good business personality.

What *is* a good business personality? An oil-company executive describes it as "having ambition without mere self-seeking, confidence without conceit, initiative which includes tact and judgment, and taking your job even more seriously than you take yourself."

A desirable business personality naturally includes familiar words like dependability, industry, punctuality, neatness, and "being strictly business." Employers complain that many young people try to turn on the kind of charm in an office or factory which may be devastating at a party, but which is entirely out of place in business.

Presumably you are paid for a full day's work, so making private telephone calls, writing personal letters, and other personal indulgences on company time can count heavily against you.

It isn't enough to use your good manners with the boss alone; your courtesy towards others, especially those under you, shows your employer whether you're a good teamworker, a primary need in most businesses.

2. *Ask for More Work!* Employers say that nine out of ten are content to do no more than is required of them. Be the unique person who asks for more work! This will give you a head start toward a raise in pay.

Try to know your superior's work so well that you can ask specifically for some part of it which you can do well. You see, he too wants promotion and a raise. And his may depend on how soon he can tell the head of the business, "Bill is all ready to take over my job. He's been doing a lot of it for months."

3. *Educate Yourself for Promotion.* One bright but novice stenographer in a mill supply house increased her salary 70 per cent in a year. Unlike most budding secretaries, she realized how irritating it must be to the boss to be asked to go more slowly and spell out the technical words. So she studied catalogues and went into the stock room to learn the names of unfamiliar items. Then she had a friend dictate to her two nights a week to improve her speed.

Her efforts jumped her over the heads of older girls who had been with the company longer but were just drifting.

Take your job to pieces. Which parts of it are most difficult, which require great accuracy, which demand speed? In what special respects are you deficient? Your analysis may send you to night school to learn some special skill. Perhaps you need a course in business administration to get a better grasp of business as a whole.

Generally it's up to you to prepare for the future. How well you do this tells your employer how enterprising you are, and how good at self-management, a prerequisite to managing others and becoming a boss yourself.

4. *Get Completely "Sold" on the Business.* Pay rolls are cluttered with lackadaisical employees who are only half "sold" on their jobs, their employers, or the goods made by the company; who talk cynically about management and are satisfied with a half-baked cliché like, "I do what they pay me for, don't I?" This enables the employee who is really enthusiastic to stand out so that he becomes marked for promotion.

You can become more interested in your work by becoming more familiar with it. Every business has its special history. Look up books about it and biographies of men who have made their mark in it.

Read business papers in your field. Go to exhibitions where you may learn more about competition and what is going on. Try to understand the ideas and ideals of the management—such as unusual standards of manufacture, service, or relations with employees. Only in this way can you acquire the "house pride" which is highly prized and rewarded.

5. *Improve Your Ability in Communication.* Inability to express yourself is a handicap. When climbing the ladder of success, skill at dictating terse, friendly and clear

letters and reports becomes more important. To aim high you'll have to present ideas and arguments without fumbling and faltering. You may be called to talk to groups of other employees, to dealers, to trade associations, and ultimately find yourself in a hall full of people, with a microphone carrying your words to many listeners.

Joining a class in public speaking prepares you to talk well on your feet. If classmates are urged to heckle you at the close of your talk, you get priceless experience for the rough-and-tumble of a lively business conference.

Study the well-written letters and memorandums which pass through your hands in the course of your work. Cultivate a pleasing, businesslike manner on the telephone. To hold down executive jobs you need teaching skill, so learn how to plant ideas and understanding in others without being pompous or bossy about it.

6. *Suggest Improvements.* One study of 100 men who held good jobs throughout the Depression of the 1930s, and of another 100 who were out of work, showed plainly that the first group was fertile in suggesting new ideas for improving business. Fortunately, there are several good books on creative business thinking, so look them up and read them.

How can your own work or the work of your department be done better, faster, more economically? While reading business papers, look for innovations which might be put into practice in your store, bank, office, or factory. If the occasion arises, ask the boss to tell you the most pressing problems; like all of us, he probably likes to dilate on his difficulties to a sympathetic listener! Then you will have real targets to aim at.

7. *Fit into the Pattern.* Failure to win promotion may be due to any one of several reasons, serious or trivial, like wearing the wrong kind of necktie or having a crew haircut. You see, most businesses have their special background patterns. For example, you expect more formality in dress and manners in a bank than you do in a sporting-goods store. And similar factories may have very different patterns. In one there may be little sociability and lots of rules and regulations. In another, simple rules and friendliness may prevail.

One way to learn how to fit in is to study the head of the business. You can often trace the over-all pattern to his personality. If he's a self-made man with little schooling who came up from the ranks, the pattern may be very different than if he inherited the business and assumed executive responsibilities in his first job. Similarly, the genial, extroverted employer will establish a different pattern than one who's shy and introverted.

To get a raise, fit into the general background so well that the company feels, "Yes, Jim is *our* kind of a man!"

8. *Study Your Associates.* You are working in a proving ground where some fellow employees are lagging while others are being promoted rapidly. Find out why Joe gets one raise after another while Jim hasn't had one in years. For lunch companions, pick men who are "going places"—identify yourself with the "comers."

Ask How You Are Doing. But first make certain you are earning your present pay. In checking up, make it plain that you like the place and your job, but are looking into every chance to equip yourself for promotion. This will cause your employer to feel more warmly toward you. It may even put the idea of giving you a raise in his mind.

Then Ask for Your Raise. Modern employers watch you, rate your work, and mark you for more money when it is earned. However, you may be in a place where asking hasn't gone out of style. If so, remember the important "don't." Don't get excited, don't try to put your employer on the defensive with remarks like, "Mac got a raise; why didn't I?" And don't quote your wife.

Instead, review what you are doing, tell how you have improved since the last raise, explain what steps you are taking to qualify for promotion. See the whole matter from your superior's side of the fence and present your case simply, calmly, and quietly. The chances are, you will get that raise, and get it promptly.

As Junior Views It

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Andrea saw a "talent parade" show on television the other afternoon, performed by moppets about her own age who sang, danced, recited, and played all kinds of musical instruments. At the conclusion of the program, she threw herself into her mother's lap, screaming. It was some time before her mother could calm the child sufficiently to find out what had upset her so.

"Oh, Mommy, Mommy," sobbed Andrea, "I can't dance or sing or stand on my head. I'll NEVER get a husband!" —ELEANOR CLARAGE

"MARY," I ASKED my small daughter, "what do you want for your birthday?"

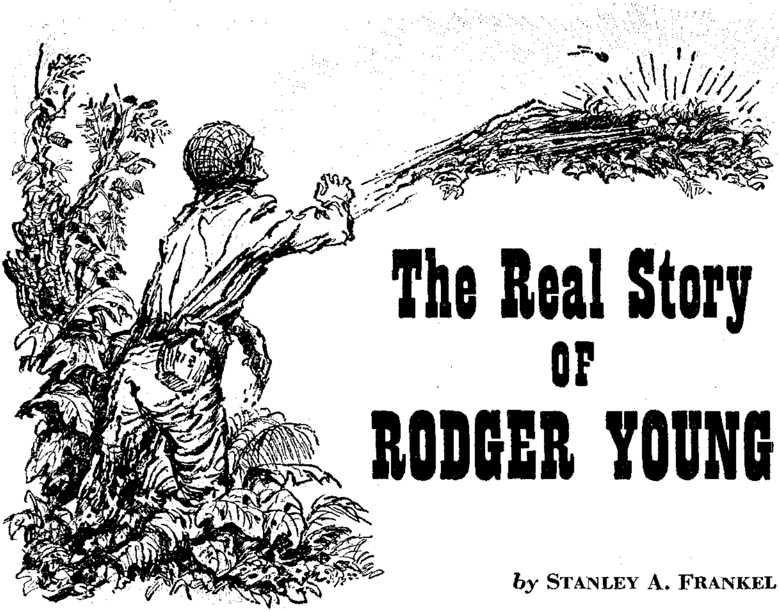
"Either a pony or a television set, Daddy," she replied without hesitation. Later, she told her mother: "I knew he wouldn't get me the pony. That's how I trapped him!" —NEW YORK *Daily News*

ONE NIGHT while I was working in the kitchen, I realized that I had not seen or heard my small daughter Nancy for a long time. I was surprised to discover her sitting in the living room in total darkness.

"Why on earth are you sitting there without any lights on?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "I'm playing we're rich and have television."

—*Times-Picayune Magazine*



The Real Story OF RODGER YOUNG

by **STANLEY A. FRANKEL**

He has been immortalized in a stirring ballad; here are the facts behind the song

THERE ARE THOUSANDS of smoky coral islands scattered like emeralds across the blue velvet of the Pacific. They are quiet now.

But, hidden by the dank jungle growth of those islands that marched into history a few brief years ago, are countless rusting steel skeletons. There are buckling concrete airstrips, and crumbling buildings that have not quite succumbed to the creeping jungle.

The men who ripped up those islands, hacked out the airfields, and filled the vastness of the Pacific with war, are gone. Even those who fought and died there are gone. They have returned home—along with the living—and the South Pacific is silent once more.

But their deeds can never be silenced. They are written in records and history books, and in the hearts of our people.

The deed of one man who died there is perhaps more widely known than it might have been in the ordinary annals of heroism. He is remembered because of a song.

Most Americans have heard the ballad *Rodger Young*, many know the stirring words. Military bands march to its swinging rhythm. School children sing it at assembly.

Rodger Young died on a little island called New Georgia. He died in such a way that he was awarded a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor and was chosen from amongst many heroes to be immortalized in a song of the infantry.

It should be enough to record

that Rodger Young died a hero. But the facts show that he proved himself a hero several weeks before the fateful day that won him the nation's highest honor. Yet perhaps only a half dozen of his comrades in battle know the real and complete story of his quiet gallantry.

It began on a humid day on Guadalcanal in June, 1943. The 148th Infantry Regiment, Young's outfit, was girding for its next objective—New Georgia Island with its insignificant but strategically vital Munda airstrip.

The company commander was busy that morning. He looked up sharply when Rodger Young, a thin, pale, and bespectacled staff sergeant, walked into his tent, saluted and said: "Sir, I would like to request permission to be reduced to the rank of private."

It was an odd request. "What is your reason for wanting to be busted, Sergeant?" the captain replied brusquely.

"Well, sir—" The little sergeant reddened, and continued haltingly, "well, you see, my ears are going bad. I can't hear very well any more." He swallowed, and then finished in a rush. "And I don't want any of my men killed in New Georgia because of me."

The C. O.'s eyes narrowed suspiciously. Was this a new twist in the technique of getting invalided home? "What's the matter, Sergeant?" he barked. "Don't you want to fight?"

Young stiffened. "Sir," he said distinctly, "I don't want to leave the outfit. I want to go—but as a buck private, so I'm only responsible for myself. I don't want to get anyone hurt because of me." His voice was thin and firm. "If I thought I'd be left behind because of this, then I'd rather drop the whole thing."

He half sold the captain, and an hour later the company doctor confirmed Young's story. The sergeant's ears were in bad shape.

"Shall we send him to the field hospital?" the doctor asked.

"No!" Rodger Young answered emphatically.

The doctor shrugged and the captain made a gruff apology. He promised to get Sergeant Young reduced to the rank of private "without prejudice." And the incident was forgotten.

THREE WEEKS LATER, the 148th Regiment (along with the rest of the 37th Division, "Ohio's Own,") invaded New Georgia. The jungle was an almost impenetrable wall of vines and tangled undergrowth. The insects were unbearable, the food miserable, the water supply inadequate. At night, the 148th dug foxholes in mud and limestone. And, of course, there was always the enemy.

They crept in like animals by night, attacked, and vanished at dawn. With the invasion still only a beachhead, a good many men of the 148th were dead.

One evening, the tropic sun took its sudden plummet into blackness just as 15 soldiers staggered into the company lines. Among them they carried five bodies, wrapped in blood-stained shelter halves. The lieutenant in charge of the ragged platoon made his report to the captain.

That morning, he had taken 20 men on a reconnaissance patrol a mile in front of the lines. He had led his men along an old, seemingly deserted Japanese trail, overgrown with vines and bushes. After a futile search for signs of enemy activity, he turned back at 4 o'clock, intending to be in his own company area before dusk.

As they trudged along the gloomy trail, the Jap machine gun opened up suddenly, and killed two men before the platoon could flatten into cover. The gun was fiendishly placed on high ground, commanding the entire area. There was no way around it, and to rush it meant sudden death.

The lieutenant attempted a mass maneuver with his remaining 18 men, and two more died.

The situation was critical. If they could not break out of the trap before nightfall, the Japs would move in. With the machine gun cutting off the only possible avenue of escape, the enemy was in no hurry.

The men were pressed into the ground. There was only one hope. D Company might hear the spasmodic fire and attack the machine-gun nest from the rear. There was nothing to do but wait—and pray.

As it happens, prayers wouldn't have helped just then. Company D was too busy defending its own position to worry about a 20-man platoon. And a little later it wouldn't have mattered.

Each of those 16 doomed men had his own thoughts. No one knows what Private Rodger Young, flattened in the scrub, was thinking. He might have been thinking of his family, or of Clyde, the little Ohio town where he grew up. He might have been thinking that he was only 25 years old, which is pretty young to die. Or he might merely have been thinking that the omnipresent Jap machine gun was a nuisance—and dangerous to boot.

About the Author

STANLEY A. FRANKEL, author of this heart-warming story of Private Rodger Young, himself served in a line regiment with "Ohio's Own" 37th Division. At war's end he was named its official historian. In fact, it was to Captain Frankel that Staff Sergeant Young applied for demotion.

What went on behind Young's spectacles and between his rather deaf ears no one knows. What is known is that he began to inch forward, cradling his rifle in his arms, past the lieutenant and toward the machine-gun nest.

The lieutenant saw him slither by, and tried to grab his leg. But Young was in a hurry and evaded his superior's grasp. Furthermore, the Japs saw the rustle of grass and loosed a burst that singed the lieutenant's hand and tore his collar.

"Come back here!" the lieutenant screamed at Young. "It's suicide. Come back—that's an order!"

Young hesitated a moment, then twisted his head around and grinned at the lieutenant. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but you know I don't hear very well."

He turned then, and continued to snake his way toward the Jap emplacement. They saw him coming, of course. A stuttering burst cracked into Young's left arm and splintered the stock of his rifle.

Young let the useless weapon drop. Still, he pressed forward. His buddies fired blindly at the emplacement, trying to divert the spitting stream of death. It didn't work.

Another burst of fire sewed a scarlet seam of holes down Young's left leg, from thigh to ankle. But he kept going, and finally reached a shallow hole about five yards from the machine gun. It was deep enough to afford him rather tenuous safety as the Japs apparently couldn't depress the muzzle of their gun far enough to get a clean shot at him.

"For God's sake, Young," the lieutenant shouted, "stay where you are! We'll get you out somehow."

Maybe that time Private Young really didn't hear. He might have been dying at that moment. In any case, he wasn't in the mood for playing possum.

Painfully, he reached into his belt with his good right hand for a grenade. He pulled the pin with his teeth. Then, rearing up and back—up out of his position of relative safety—he lobbed the grenade toward the machine gun.

The gun answered with a blast that caught him full in the face.

Rodger Young died as the grenade left his hand. Still, well thrown, it lit in the center of the machine-gun crew—and killed every one of the five Japs manning the weapon.

Within seconds, the 15 survivors were on their interrupted way back to Company D. Silently they carried their five dead. Rodger Young didn't need to worry any more about being responsible for the lives of his buddies.

Two weeks later, the sweltering little island was in American hands. The troops stopped hunting and killing and began collecting themselves—and some well-earned medals. Company D's captain composed a lengthy recommendation that Private Rodger Young be awarded the Medal of Honor. One sentence read:

"Disregarding the orders of his platoon leader to come back, Rodger Young moved forward into the face of enemy fire." The regimental commander changed that to "Not hearing the orders . . . " No one in *his* regiment disobeyed orders, he remarked acidly.

The regimental commander also wrote a letter to the War Department, requesting that Young be promoted back to staff sergeant, posthumously. The War Department, which subsequently approved the Medal of Honor, denied the petition on the grounds that, in this case, Army regulations did not provide for posthumous promotion.

It might have ended there. But the War Department, while denying the posthumous promotion, did ponder Rodger Young's heroism long and carefully. And when, months later, song writer Frank Loesser sought out the single most dramatic and gallant act committed by a doughboy, the Rodger Young story was shown to him. He had to read it only once.

A military citation is a strange place in which to find inspiration for a ballad. But from just such a dispassionate source sprang the moving ballad of Rodger Young. On the face of it, it is a song commemorating the gallantry of one soldier. But when you hear it sung, you know that there is more than one Rodger Young, just as there are many islands in the South Pacific that knew Rodger Young's kind of glory. Consider the words:

Oh, they've got no time for glory in
the Infantry,
They've got no use for praises
loudly sung,
But in every soldier's heart in all the
Infantry
Shines the name, shines the name of
Rodger Young
Shines the name—Rodger Young—
Fought and died for the men he
marched among,
To the everlasting glory of the
Infantry—
Lives the story of Private Rodger
Young.[*]

It is plain that the name, and the story, of Rodger Young will live. And as the years go by, the fact that he was small and rather spindly, the fact that he needed powerful glasses, the fact that he asked to be demoted because he was going deaf and did not want that disability to jeopardize the lives of his comrades—these will fade from memory.

His name and his story will long outlive such details, and will become inseparably merged.

For some day, long after the last trace of war has vanished from those quiet Pacific islands, Rodger Young will take his place among the legendary heroes of American history. And there he will be quite at home.

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[*] Copyright, Frank Music Corp.

Junior Enterprise

IT WAS MIDSUMMER at Fort William and Port Arthur, twin cities at the Canadian Lakehead. The Lakehead Exhibition was in the offing. Six days of circus, of midway, of clowns, of farm animals on show and wild ones in cages. A boy just had to be there. Had to see it all. Season ticket: $3.

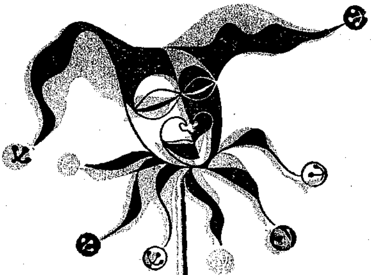
The paramount problem of countless early teen-agers was how to raise the price. One enterprising 14-year-old, by simply using his head, saw the whole show and made money on the deal as well.

He noted that all exhibitors of livestock were entitled to free season passes to the grounds. It cost nothing to enter. So he borrowed a dollar from Mom, promising to pay her back. Then he went out into the country, and paid the dollar to a farmer for an old hen. Her age was unknown; but she was alive, which was all that was required. And a boy can always find enough wheat around the Lakehead elevators to feed a lone hen.

He entered his hen in the livestock division, thus acquiring a free pass for the entire week. Of course she didn't win a ribbon, but she did win her owner the pass which meant more to him than all the ribbons in the show.

The Exhibition over, he sold his hen to a citizen who wished to convert her into a chicken dinner. The price? One dollar and fifty cents. He paid Mom back her dollar, was 50 cents to the good, had enjoyed a solid week roaming the grounds, and had made the editorial page of the local newspaper. And why not? A lad like that is good business for any town.

—JOHN H. SCHNEIDER, JR.



OUR HUMAN COMEDY

BERNARD GIMBEL, the New York department store owner, has always been interested in Sunday schools. Once he addressed a group of youngsters on the lower East Side. After his talk he asked if there were any questions.

"Yes, sir," one little miss said promptly. "How much is that big French doll in your window?"

—MILTON BACON

A LADY IN TEXAS wrote to her Mayor asking his help in locating her son, an ex-GI who lived in Paris. The Mayor wrote to the Governor, who wrote to the woman's Congressman, who sent the message to the State Department. Finally it came to the American Embassy in Paris.

An Embassy aide went to the Left Bank, walked up three flights of stairs, opened a door, and found three bearded young men sharing one room. Laundry was hanging in a corner of the room and one of the men was cooking onions over an open gas jet.

"Mr. Jones?" asked the Embassy man.

"Yes," replied one of the trio.

"For goodness sake, Mr. Jones," said the Embassy man, "why don't you write your mother?"

—DAN BENNETT

WHEN FRED ASTAIRE went to Hollywood to make his first picture, he was determined to act as well as dance. With this in mind, he called at his producer's office and said: "Look here, all I've been doing for the last 20 years is dancing, dancing, dancing! From now on—"

"Sit down, Fred," interrupted the producer. "You must be terribly tired."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

JUDGING OF Hereford bulls brought some unusually fine specimens into the show ring of an Idaho county fair. After carefully inspecting about a dozen of the bovines, the judges finally selected two from which the winner would be chosen. Brought back to the ring, these finalists were again given a careful study by the three judges. Finally the latter went into a huddle.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the head judge announced after the conference. "These two bulls are so closely matched that we can't honestly choose between them. I'm going to leave it to this little boy here to select the winner."

He motioned to a studious-looking five-year-old to step into the ring. The boy, taking plenty of time, viewed the huge animals from every angle, while the crowd stood silently awaiting his decision.

At last the boy pointed to one of the animals and piped, "I choose this one as winner."

"That settles it, son, and I think you have made a wise choice," the chief judge declared. "Now tell us why you chose the one you did."

"I think he'll give the most milk," the boy replied gravely. —MAIN J. RICH

AN AMERICAN Army officer stationed in North Africa took his signet ring to an Arab jeweler to have the tarnish removed from it. The Arab spoke no English, and the officer couldn't speak anything else, so the transaction was not getting any clearer to either of them. Finally the officer took out a card and pencil. Trusting that the Arab knew a translator, he printed in large letters on the card: "*Remove the Tarnish.*"

The Arab smiled and shook his head affirmatively.

Next day the officer called for the ring. With a smile of triumph, the Arab produced it. It was still tarnished, but beautifully engraved within were the words: "*Remove the Tarnish.*" —FRANCES RODMAN

HAVING LONG BEEN an enthusiastic user of their maps, booklets, and general traveling advice, a friend recently acquired an AAA license-plate attachment from the American Automobile Association. As she got into her car the other day, she was startled to hear an elderly passer-by remark to her companion, "Those Alcoholics Anonymous really are marvelous—not the least bit ashamed of admitting they belong." —NEW YORK *Sun*

WHEN FRED MACMURRAY had finished making *The Texas Rangers*, in which he was a Western badman, he and a friend returned to the location on a hunting trip.

The two separated, and soon MacMurray found himself at the business end of a gun, being hauled off to the village jail. At first he thought it a practical joke, but after he had spent a few hours in a cell he was ripping mad.

Finally the truth came to light. Some practical joker had given the local sheriff a poster found tacked to a tree. It pictured MacMurray in his bad-man role, and proclaimed: WANTED FOR MURDER—ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

—ELEANOR C. WOOD

A BOMBASTIC MAN met his somewhat henpecked friend, whose face was badly injured.

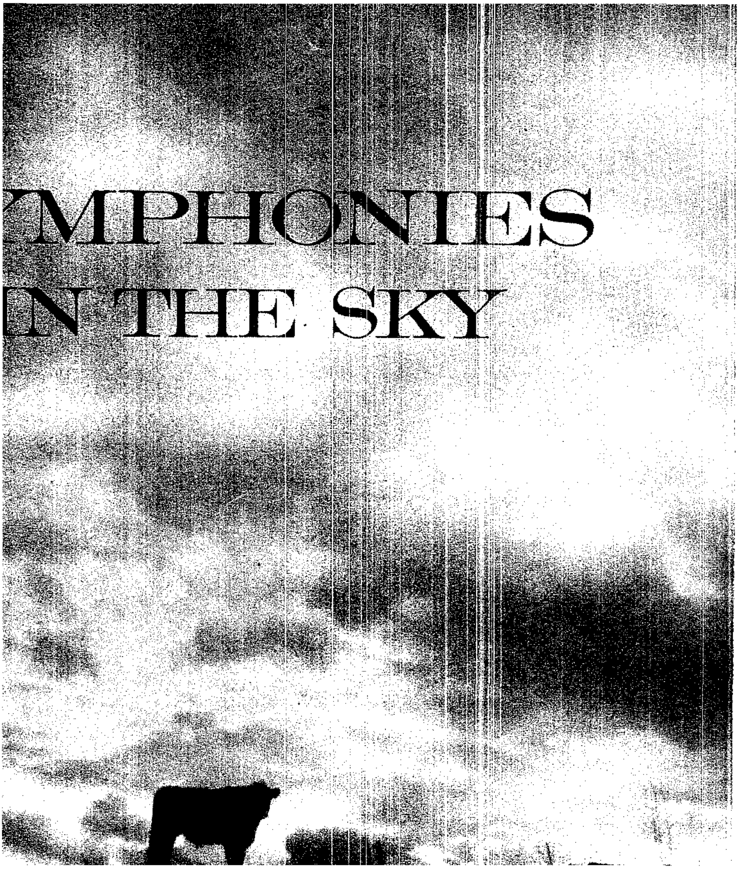
"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "How did that happen?"

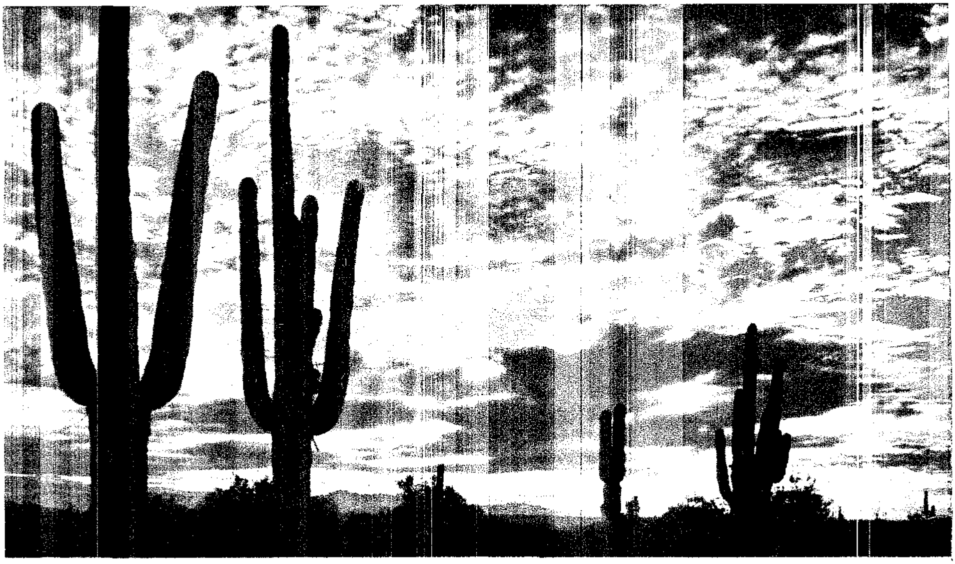
"My wife—" the injured one started to explain.

"Your wife?" was the breezy reply. "Ah, evidently you haven't acquired the secret of married bliss. I never have a row with my wife. I have no secrets from her."

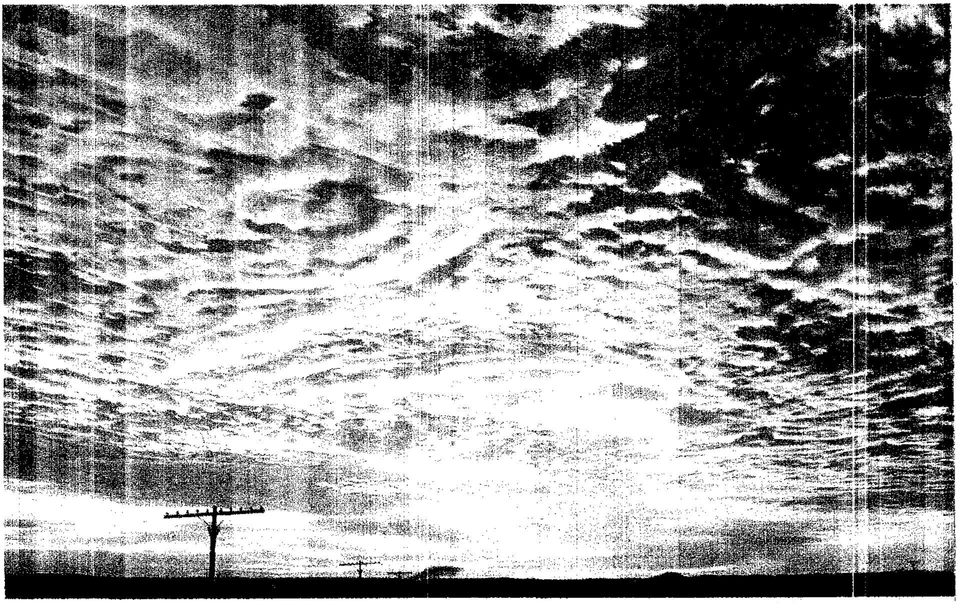
"Neither have I!" the henpecked husband said with a sigh. "I only thought I had!" —*Tit-Bits*

YMPHONIES IN THE SKY





At dawn, the painted desert lends its colors to the sky. Witnessed only by the gaunt figures of Saguaro cactus, silvery light invades a fleecy mackerel sky that gives mute warning of a gathering storm.



Songs and legends have dwelt lyrically on gold mines in the sky. To prairie dwellers, such dreams are a familiar part of morning, for above the windswept ranges the sky is frequently paved with gold.

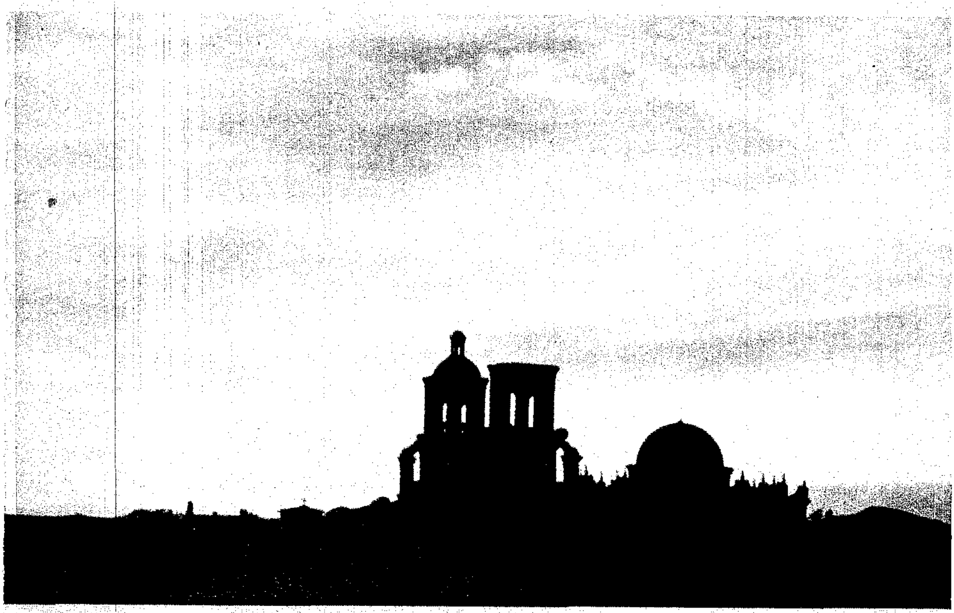
By day, clouds become ballet dancers on the vast blue stage of the heavens. As though heeding some celestial music, they melt and change and pirouette in infinite patterns and imaginative shapes.

Until, as evening spreads its mantle on the earth, clouds steal the embers of the dying sun and scatter them in a blazing climax to the day—sowing, as the ancients believed, the seeds of morning.

To pilots winging upward on the highways of the sky, a floating tongue of amber cloud speaks of changing weather. But to us, watching from the fading hills of earth, it is a tranquil prelude to evensong.

For each setting sun, a new day breaks somewhere beyond the far horizons. Meditating on this quiet truth, a philosopher was moved to write: "*A man who tarries to watch a sunset stands very close to God.*"

Like ghostly ships adrift upon a legendary sea, clouds carry the imagination on endless voyages, as floating castles, birds, animals —and even human faces—pass overhead in the pageant of the sky.



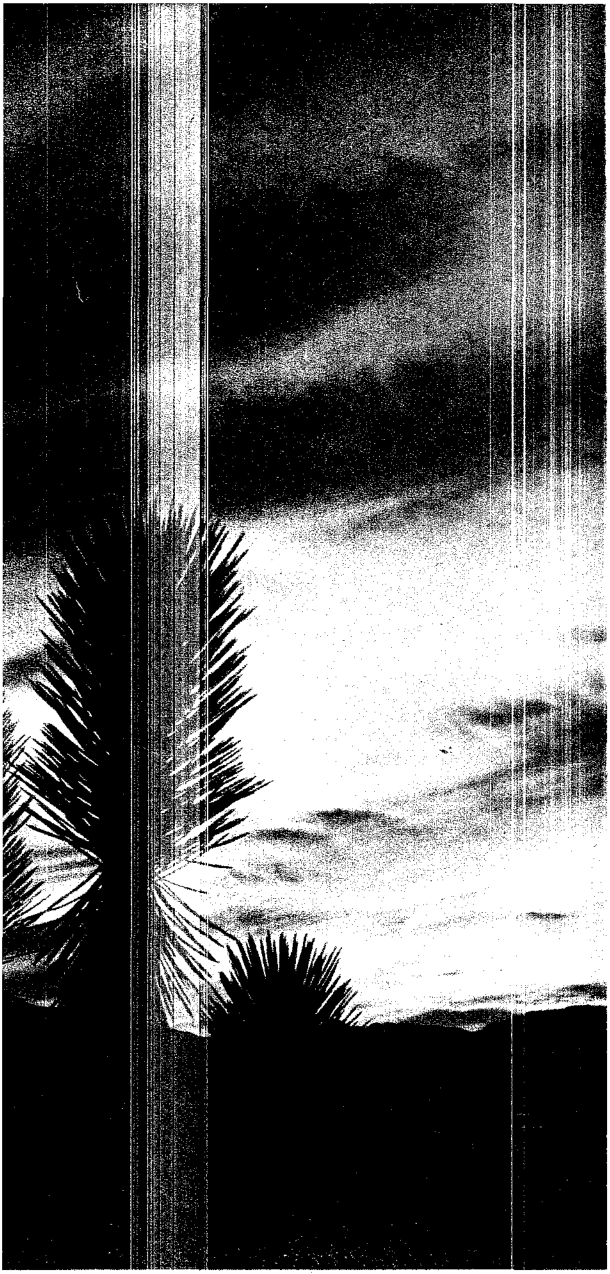
At the close of day, the clear, liquid notes of church bells peal out a melodious accompaniment to the inspiring symphony written in the heavens—sharing peace and a divine promise with all who hear.

Like an exploding ocean wave, a thundercloud hurls its awe-inspiring crest above the ramparts of the hills. Born in swift violence, such angry sky-giants remind us of nature's overwhelming power.

In Indian lore, the sky foretold dramatic events. Today, however, its most popular prophecy is the sea rhyme: "Red sky at night, sailor's delight; red sky at morning, sailors take warning."

Like an earth-bound cloud, a grove of cottonwoods takes fire as long shadows fall across the land. Gradually the sky changes in overture to the lingering spectacle that is each dawn and sunset . . .

. . . for while the earth is still wrapped in quiet darkness, the first messengers of the sun are busy awakening the day. And at evening, long after the earth is asleep, the clouds still glow with light.



f a blazing sky, the world folds its twilight
. But when the last gleaming ray yields to the
auty will still live in memory.

WHAT KEEPS GABLE CLICKING?

by **ALYCE CANFIELD**

After 20 years of stardom, he's still "The King" in Hollywood and at the box office

THERE IS A standing jibe in Hollywood aimed at any newcomer who puts on airs. "Who do you think you are—Clark Gable?"

Perhaps the thing that surprises most people who meet Clark is that he has every right to act like a big shot. He *is* a big shot. And yet, oddly enough, he is still just a big country boy from Cadiz, Ohio.

Not long ago, a bleary-eyed tourist ran into Gable at a Hollywood party. Hazily convinced that he had seen Gable somewhere before, he asked, "Are you an actor?"

"No," said Clark quietly, "but I work steady."

This is the down-to-earth viewpoint of a man who has been among the first ten at the box office for 18 of the 20 years he has been featured in pictures; whose films—even excluding *Gone With the Wind*—have grossed more than $240,000,000; who has held, for two decades, the undisputed title of "The King" in the mind of the public and the eyes of the motion-picture industry.

Clark Gable is one of the legendary figures of our time. Not only does he typify to the American female the man of her dreams, but he is also the mental image of what the American male aspires to be. A combination of rugged masculinity, sex appeal, and good looks, he was the first screen hero to set a pattern of ruthless male domination.

When he first hit public consciousness, the top screen favorites were of a gentler strain—Ramon Novarro, Conrad Nagel, John Gilbert: gentlemen all, and handsome, too. Then along came Gable, of a rougher mold. He did not treat his screen heroines gently, nor woo them with pretty speeches. He portrayed what the Modern Age preached—that a woman was just as anxious to be in a man's arms as he was to have her there.

Beyond this, he had the male population on his side, for he was distinctly a man's man. He liked to hunt; he enjoyed the companionship of men; played poker, tinkered with automobile engines; he liked to get away from the drawing room and into the great outdoors.

This is the picture of Gable which has been built up in the public mind. But is it a real picture?

Clark's first wife, drama coach Josephine Dillon, says: "What is Gable really like? Why, he's a sourpuss! A gloomy, deadpan Dutchman, with 300 years of Pennsylvania Dutch behind him. A deep, thoughtful, quiet man—and That Guy he plays on the screen is as much a piece of perfect acting as Mae West's *Diamond Lil.*"

Yet his "act," if such it is, must have great substance to have survived the years. In 1943, when Van Johnson was receiving an all-time high of 25,000 fan letters a month, Gable came back to edit film he had taken while flying with the U. S. Air Force over Germany. As he walked into the commissary, every star stared. And Van Johnson whispered, like any awestruck fan, "There's Clark Gable!"

This awe is apparent within the industry whenever Gable's name is mentioned. Louis B. Mayer, Gable's boss, never orders him to "Come here!" He always asks if Gable would mind dropping by to discuss a few matters of importance.

There is something about him that stops prying. Gable is not a man you push around. The public believes what it has seen on the screen: that he is a two-fisted fellow who won't stand any nonsense.

For one thing, he's a big man—six feet one, 200 pounds. There has never been an instance of anyone sassing Gable at a night club, or involving his name in a scandal. But mostly you don't push him around because of the authority which is Gable's screen trademark and which he carries with him into his private life.

In Hollywood, the studio grapevines are insidious. But there is no snide gossip about Gable, chiefly because he has always conducted himself as a workman. He does his job—whether it is on the set, having an interview, or sitting for stills. He is never rude to the small people. Basically and fundamentally, he is one of them.

Recently, when he walked on the set of *Key to the City*, an electrician stopped him and said, "I had trouble with my car yesterday."

Gable asked, "What make is it?"

The electrician told him. Gable nodded. "I know why you had trouble," he said.

Promptly they went out to the car, and when the assistant director called Clark for the next scene, he found both men with their heads under the hood.

ORIGINALLY, Clark Gable won the respect of the movie industry because of his complete devotion to his profession. He never went through a glamour-girl phase, with columnists making "twosomes" out of fun in night clubs. Even after he was established at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he was learning his business. He was serious and determined; his career came first. Gable did not click overnight.

"I definitely wasn't a Cinderella story," he says today. "I had 12 years of theater experience behind me. When success came, it was not an accident, because I had been working for it."

This is a Clark Gable few people know. But directors, supporting players, grips, and electricians who are present when the scenes are being filmed, know this Gable well and respect his ability.

"The trouble with describing Gable," director Mervyn LeRoy once said, "is that there's nothing bad to say about the guy!"

Since LeRoy discovered Gable and gave him his first screen test while Clark was playing in the stage version of *The Last Mile* in Los Angeles, he knows him well. And he still feels there has been nothing about Gable to condemn or criticize for the past 20 years—a tall record for anyone but an archangel.

Yet there was a time in Gable's career when public opinion could have gone against him. His marriage to Miss Dillon ended after many years of heartbreaking lack of success, when the two of them lived on the meager earnings from Josephine's dramatic pupils and the $7.50 a day that Clark occasionally earned as an extra. Nevertheless, he had established himself as a young actor of talent. And he had worked to get there.

Then, after his divorce from Miss Dillon, Clark again married—once more to a woman much older, Ria Langham, who had a Texas fortune. She rode with him through his greatest triumphs, but was never the logical mate for a man who used to be an oil driller in Oklahoma. In the divorce settlement, Gable paid $286,000—almost everything he possessed at the time. Thus, until the time he met and married Carole Lombard, there was a strong feeling that Gable had climbed to success on the hearts of older women.

Clark was now mature; the intense and moody youngster who had been poor most of his life had merged with the engaging fellow up there on the screen. For this man, Carole Lombard was the perfect mate.

Carole had been a night-club sort of a girl, but now she made herself over into the kind of woman who would find a secure place in his life. She went hunting with him and roughed it, while her friends howled: "*Carole*—up at dawn! *Carole*—in a sleeping bag!..."

Carole Lombard was one of the first casualties of the war, and a shocked world gained new respect for the man who took her death with such dignity and courage. This was the way the man up there on the screen would act under such circumstances, and now the public knew the shadow had substance.

A month after Pearl Harbor, Carole had gone back to her home state, Indiana, to open the first War Bond drive. With her were her mother and publicist Otto Winkler; both died in the plane crash en route back to Hollywood.

The night that Carole was killed,

Clark was at the Gable home with Otto's wife, Jill, preparing dinner for the returning travelers. When a report came that the plane was down in flames, Howard Strickling, head of publicity for M-G-M; Eddie Mannix, general manager of the studio; and Ralph Wheelwright, Strickling's assistant, rushed to Gable's house.

Strickling said, "Clark, the air liner is down near Boulder Dam and we have chartered a plane to go over there."

"All right," said Gable.

They landed at Las Vegas and went to the police station where a posse was being organized to go into the mountains. One man pointed to a map and said, "The plane should be just about there."

"What makes you think so?" asked Gable.

"That's where the flames were."

Clark turned white. "My wife's on that plane," he said. It was the first time he realized that Carole might be dead.

He wanted to go with the posse, but the Metro executives, fearing what they would find on the mountain peak, dissuaded him. It was the next afternoon before they reached the wreck, high on snow-covered mountains. Strickling sent a wire to Clark. Everyone was dead. Up until that moment, Gable had allowed himself to hope.

The posse got back late that afternoon. Clark was pacing his room. "What did the wreck look like?" he asked.

Wheelwright answered. "They never knew it."

Clark said, "That's good." Then there was a long pause before he asked, painfully, "Did you see her?"

Of course they had seen her. There was a script in her hands, and you could read the print—although it fell into ashes when they touched it.

Those who were with Gable at Las Vegas say he was the strongest one there. He ordered steaks for the possemen and went around serving them, wanting to help. There was one cowboy who didn't have any teeth, so he couldn't eat his steak. When Clark left, he handed $100 to one of the men.

"For God's sake," he said gruffly, "buy Jack some teeth."

Back in Los Angeles, Clark buried Carole one day, and the next he was supporting Jill, Winkler's widow, and taking her to her husband's funeral. On the side lines stood a red-faced, rawboned workman. As Gable walked by, the workman said quietly: "There goes a hell of a lot of man!"

Clark was alone only a few days. Then he went back to Metro to finish a picture titled, with grim irony, *Somewhere I'll Find You*. If he hadn't gone back to work, the studio would have lost its investment of $1,500,000. When the picture was completed, he enlisted in the armed services.

Influential people wanted Clark to play a glamorous role in the war. They suggested he should go in as a major or colonel, but Clark talked to General Hap Arnold, chief of the AAF.

"I want to join the Air Force," he said, "but I'm 41 years old, and I don't know a thing about the Army. What good would I be as a major? The only thing I can do is to take the toughest job you have. Then maybe some other guy will say, 'That's not so tough if an old man like Gable can do it!'"

Arnold said their toughest recruiting job was for air gunners. Everyone wanted to be a pilot. So, in the summer of 1942, Gable went in as a private, took the gunnery course, and finished No. 700 in a class of 2,600. He was a man of 41, training with youngsters. By the time he went overseas, he had earned his commission.

In the service, he flew 17 missions, was almost shot down several times. He came home with 50,000 feet of aerial-combat film taken over Europe, and an Air Medal. Once the boys found he didn't "act like a movie star," they jammed his quarters.

One day, a pilot who had been in the group a long time didn't come back. Some of the men went out and had a drink to forget. But Gable went to his desk and wrote a long letter to the flier's wife, telling how grieved they were. Also, he sent along pictures he had taken of the youth—pictures she will treasure all her life.

TODAY, THE THINGS that have marked Gable's life—good and bad—are in his face. No longer is sex uppermost in his portrayals, but authority and knowledge are. Those who have managed to penetrate his mask know him to be a strangely humble and honest man.

On the other hand, there is the gay, witty Gable who, last December, surprised Hollywood by marrying the former Lady Ashley, 39-year-old widow of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. She had been divorced 18 months earlier from Baron Stanley of Alderley, a British nobleman whom she took as her third husband in 1944. Although Gable had been Sylvia Stanley's attentive escort, no one in movieland had taken the affair seriously.

After living for 20 years in a goldfish bowl, Clark accepts the fact that the public feels it knows him. When he drives from the studio at night in his convertible, people often recognize him when he comes to a stop signal. He doesn't look ahead and pretend indifference. He grins and waves before he drives on.

Actors who envy Gable's unique position as "The King" will tell you about his fabulous contract for $7,500 a week. He is the only Hollywood actor whose contract stipulates a four-month vacation with pay after every picture. While the standard studio hours call for everyone to work until 6 o'clock, Gable can quit at 5, no matter how important the scene.

These privileges, however, do not mean he can write his own ticket in Hollywood. "My position in this town is no different from anyone else's," he says. "There is one story I have begged the studio to buy for two years. They haven't. I wanted to do *The Foxes of Harrow*, and I wanted to do *The Fountainhead;* but I didn't. I make a request, and that's all."

Gable has a little shack in Oregon near the Rogue River. Now and then he puts on a pair of levis and an old sweat shirt, jumps into the car with his dogs, and heads northward for some rugged fishing or duck hunting with his good friend, Al Menasco, a used-car dealer in Los Angeles.

Sometimes, he takes off for Phoenix and rides horses with the cowboys. And in 1948, he went to Europe and hobnobbed with such people as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, a long step for a man who had come up from the oil fields.

His Encino ranch house is set in an acreage of trees in San Fernando Valley. White brick on the outside, with a low-hung roof, it houses Clark, his new wife, his servants, three dogs, and one cat.

Every piece of furniture is man-size. A custom-built dining-room table has a three-inch top that can be used for poker sessions. There isn't anything in the house that Clark can't put his feet on, and he likes to sit around with his boots on the tables.

Outside, of a Sunday morning, neighborhood boys are apt to see Gable tinkering with his cars, his motorcycle, or a tractor. He knows a lot about engines, and rarely takes his autos to a garage for repairs. Much as he likes mechanical work, part of this is economy. Gable was poor too long not to appreciate the value of a dollar.

Now and then, jibes are directed at Gable about his age. Born in February, 1901, he was 49 on his last birthday, according to birth records in Cadiz, Ohio. "He's still playing a romantic guy," the comments go, "and he's an old man!"

Gable takes this good-naturedly. He even jokes about the gray in his hair. "Well, brother, I'm getting there!" he admits.

But despite this evidence that his years are beginning to crowd his roles, the public still expects to see on the screen a ruthless, successful American male—a devil in the boudoir and a dynamo in business. As long as this public demand keeps going, you can be sure that Clark Gable will keep going, too.

Where There's Life . . .

When I went hunting, they gave me some dogs called pointers. They were wonderful. We went into the woods, and when they found a bear—they'd point at me.

I'm not afraid of ice and snow—I've spent a winter in California.

In *The Paleface*, the Indians hit me with an arrow. I can't tell you where, but if I'd take off my suspenders, my pants would stay up by themselves!

I don't think I'd be a success in television. I'm too small to be a wrestler, and too big to be a puppet.

Pasadena is a very quiet place. In fact, it's the only place in the world where the crickets rub one leg at a time. —BOB HOPE

The Speech That Saved a Life

by **PAUL JACKSON**

WHEN THE CAMPAIGN train pulled into the Illinois Central Station in Chicago on October 12, 1912, a roar of applause arose from the crowd. As the great man stepped from his car, camera flashes illuminated a ruddy, mustached face.

"Speech! Speech!" the crowd demanded. But the honored guest pleaded in a hoarse whisper: "I must save my voice for tonight."

In his hotel room, the big man collapsed on a bed. His battle with laryngitis had taken a tremendous toll. The doctor was blunt. The patient would have to cancel all his speaking engagements.

But the big man vigorously shook his head. He would rest when his campaign for re-election was finished—not before. Arising from the bed, he stumbled to a desk. There he covered sheets of paper with his dashing scrawl.

Two days later, in Milwaukee, the veteran campaigner edited his words with a pencil. Then, as time for the public appearance drew near, he tucked the bulky speech into a pocket and left the hotel.

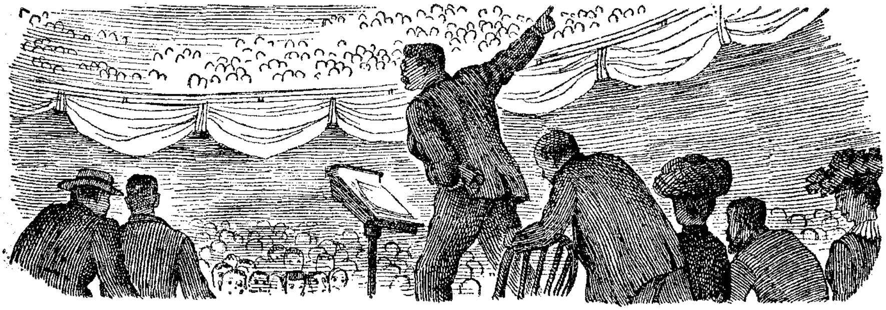
Just as he was stepping into a car, a pistol exploded from the heart of the crowd. As the machine sped toward the auditorium, a horrified companion pointed at a bullet hole in the man's coat.

When the meeting came to order and the big man rose to speak, his coat fell open, revealing crimson stains on his shirt. The audience gasped, but he reassured them.

"Friends, I shall have to ask you to be as quiet as possible," he said. "I do not know whether you fully understand that I have just been shot, but it takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose."

Patting his jacket, he continued: "Fortunately I had my manuscript with me, and it stopped the bullet from going into my heart. The bullet is in me now, so I cannot make the long speech I had planned. But I will do my best."

An hour later the speaker left the hall amidst a great ovation. At the hospital, surgeons probed for the bullet which, but for a bulky campaign speech, would have ended the life of Theodore Roosevelt.



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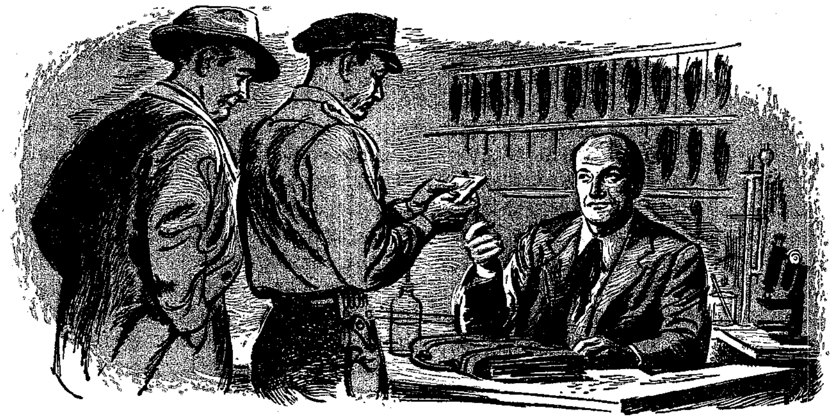


The Case of a Strand of Hair

With his microscope, a super-sleuth has trapped the guilty and cleared the innocent

by **ELLIS MICHAEL**

As a "HAIR-DETECTIVE," Dr. Leon Augustus Hausman has nailed tax evaders, passed upon the value of fur coats, and aided museums in piecing together important historical jigsaw puzzles.

At the same time, this New Jersey expert has prevented innocent men from going to jail. Yet in all these unusual activities, his surprisingly simple equipment has been basically the same: a microscope and a few strands of hair.

A gentle, bespectacled college professor of 61, Dr. Hausman is one of the country's leading experts on the identification of human hair and animal furs. In the past 30 years, he has handled hundreds of cases in which the stakes literally hung by a strand of hair.

Although hair is not as reliable as fingerprints for identification of criminals, it is often used when fingerprints are not available. This is especially true in hit-run cases. While a victim may not leave fingerprints on a car that has struck him and gone speeding off, frequently a hair will cling to a fender or tire. Later, this evidence points accusingly to the driver.

Take the case of the pedestrian who stumbled into a moving jeep on a street in Rochester, New York. Stunned, he fell to the ground. The soldier-driver of the jeep jumped out to help. But before he could do anything for the dazed victim, a sedan came down the road and struck the fallen pedestrian.

Horrified, the sedan driver halted, hopped out and dashed back to the scene of the accident. Upon learning that the soldier had also struck the victim, he climbed into his car and drove off.

When police arrived, they found the pedestrian dead. Under questioning, the serviceman told the entire story and gave the sedan's license number. The car was traced. On its rear fender were several strands of hair.

These were sent to Hausman's laboratory in New Brunswick, New Jersey, together with a sample from the victim's scalp. Examining the specimens under his microscope, the hair expert reported that they were both from the same head. The soldier was cleared and the sedan driver was arrested for leaving the scene of an accident—though a jury later dismissed the charges.

Another time, Dr. Hausman was called to investigate the murder of a woman of questionable repute in Tulsa, Oklahoma. A man had been arrested for the crime on circumstantial evidence, and was about to be tried. Examining microscopically some 40-odd hair samples found at the scene of the crime, Dr. Hausman reported that none matched the suspect's hair.

After completing his investigation, Dr. Hausman expressed the belief that the prisoner was innocent. "The circumstances under which the murder was committed make it impossible for the murderer not to have left some of his hair," he reported. Principally on the strength of his testimony, the suspect was freed.

In another confusing case, a mountain lion seized a 13-year-old boy near Okanogan, Washington. The beast clawed the lad to death and stalked off, leaving the mangled remains to be found by horrified townspeople. For weeks, residents refused to let their children out after dark, and town officials posted a $1,000 reward for destruction of the vicious animal.

Then one day an excited hunter ran into town and announced that he had killed the guilty cougar. As proof, he produced a wad of human hair which he claimed to have found in the stomach of the animal.

A week later, another hunter shot a second mountain lion in the same area. He, too, submitted a ball of hair and claimed the bounty.

Harassed officials decided to let Hausman help settle the dispute. They sent him both wads of hair, together with a specimen from the head of the boy. Hausman reported that the hair taken from the stomach of the second cougar matched that of the victim. As a result, the second hunter was given the $1,000 reward. And the citizens of Okanogan began to breathe freely again.

IN HIS WORK FOR MUSEUMS, Hausman has helped settle important historical issues. For example, perplexed curators at the National Museum in Washington, D. C., discovered some unusual strands of hair in a cave in northern Arizona. Dr. Hausman got out his microscope and announced that the sample was bison fur.

"Impossible," one official said. "Bison never lived in that area!"

Hausman, however, assured the museum representative that the hair indeed had come from an American bison. The museum accepted the authority's report. As a result, the habitat of bison herds was found to have extended several hundred miles farther south than previously had been suspected.

Not long ago, Hausman was called in by a lawyer to identify a fur coat, owned by a young lady who had inherited it from her mother. For tax purposes, the coat was listed as "dyed mink," and its value set at $650.

Hausman examined samples of fur from the coat and announced that it was *natural* mink. Authorities at the store where it had been purchased confirmed his findings, revealing that the coat originally had cost $6,500! Internal revenue agents began to grill the heiress. Finally she broke down and confessed.

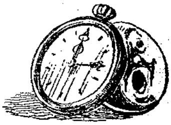
"Yes, the coat is real mink," the girl sobbed.

Dr. Hausman, who teaches zoology at New Jersey College for Women, first became interested in hair identification in 1916. While studying at Cornell under the noted anatomist, Dr. Hugh D. Reed, he decided to write his doctor of philosophy thesis on the subject. By 1920, Hausman felt he was ready to take on professional cases.

A spare but ruddy man, the hair expert walks with a limp. At the age of ten, a foot infection lamed him permanently. But instead of being bitter he now calls it an "absolute blessing."

"It made me cut out baseball. So I developed an interest in microscopes," he tells you with a grin.

Today, Dr. Hausman maintains in his college laboratory a rare collection of more than 1,000 different kinds of hair. These represent all the chief races of mankind and many animal species, the specimens ranging from the hair of an Egyptian mummy to strands taken from whales. But the oldest—and prize exhibit—in his collection is a hair that came from a giant sloth. Discovered in a cave, the single strand is 3,000,000 years old.



Things We Need

Scientists tell us we may soon have machines that think. Already our government, we are told, has a contrivance that can figure a man's income tax in a fraction of a second! We don't know whether the dang thing can think or not; but speaking as a struggling taxpayer, all we can say is that, if it does, it ought to feel heartily ashamed of itself.

We have been asking people what kind of thinking machine they would like to see invented. Here are a few of their suggestions:

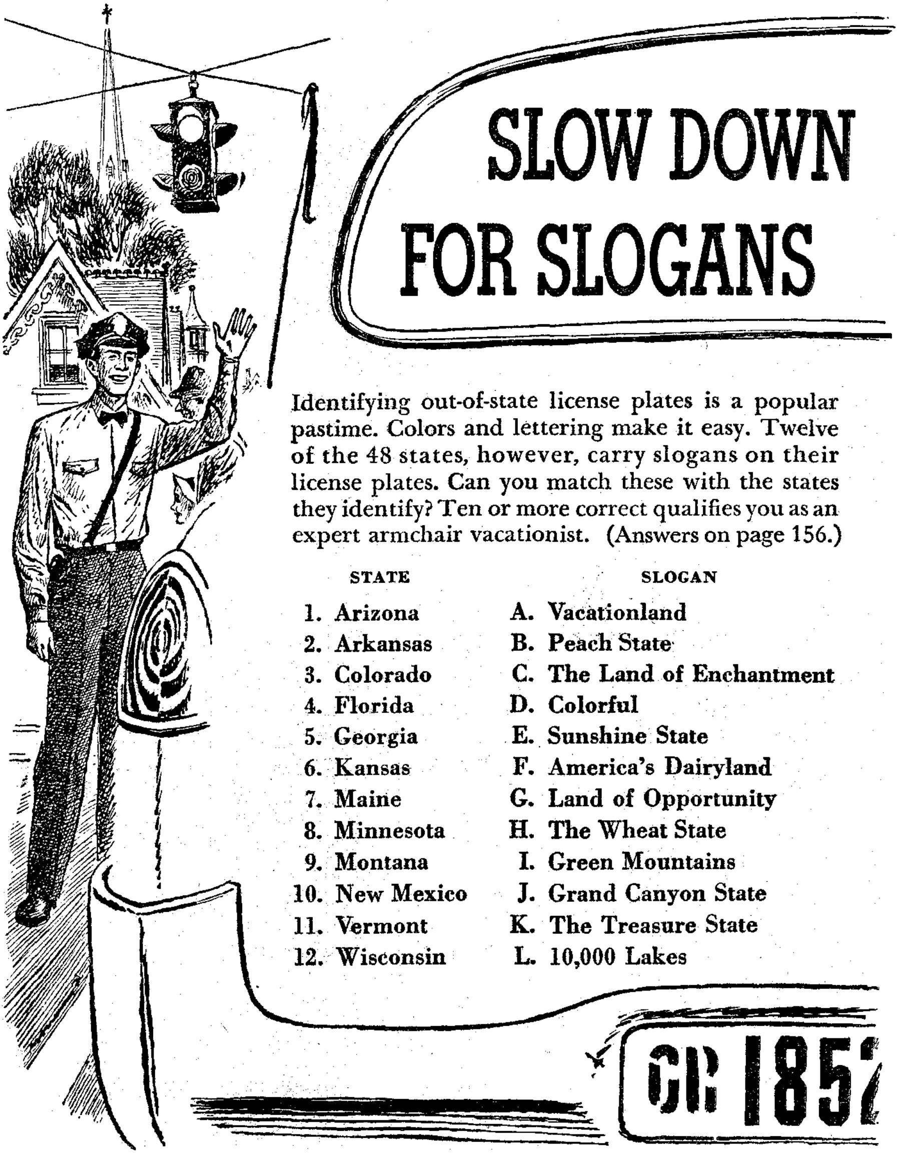
A fountain pen that will bark when the wrong fellow attempts to put it in his pocket.

A device that will smite upon the kisser that silly so-and-so who telephones and says: "Guess who?"

A watch that will tell a man how late he can be for an appointment with a woman and still arrive before she does.

An attachment for the radio that will strain out of news broadcasts all surmises, conjectures, and wild rumors, leaving only the bare facts, meanwhile playing soft music to fill in what otherwise would be long, awkward intervals of silence.

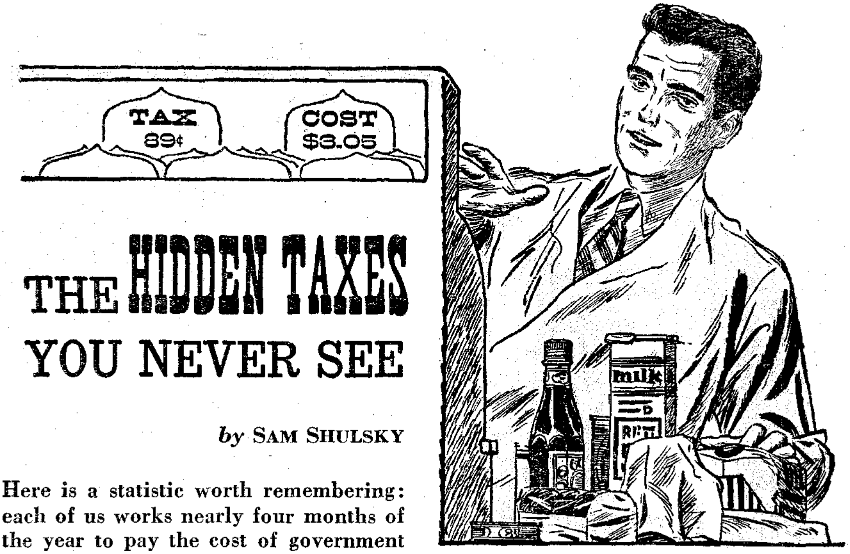
A telescope that would tell us not only whether the other planets are inhabited, but whether they want to borrow money from us—before we get too chummy with them! —*Wall Street Journal*



SLOW DOWN FOR SLOGANS

Identifying out-of-state license plates is a popular pastime. Colors and lettering make it easy. Twelve of the 48 states, however, carry slogans on their license plates. Can you match these with the states they identify? Ten or more correct qualifies you as an expert armchair vacationist. (Answers on page 156.)

STATE	SLOGAN
1. Arizona	A. Vacationland
2. Arkansas	B. Peach State
3. Colorado	C. The Land of Enchantment
4. Florida	D. Colorful
5. Georgia	E. Sunshine State
6. Kansas	F. America's Dairyland
7. Maine	G. Land of Opportunity
8. Minnesota	H. The Wheat State
9. Montana	I. Green Mountains
10. New Mexico	J. Grand Canyon State
11. Vermont	K. The Treasure State
12. Wisconsin	L. 10,000 Lakes



THE HIDDEN TAXES YOU NEVER SEE

by SAM SHULSKY

Here is a statistic worth remembering: each of us works nearly four months of the year to pay the cost of government

YOUR BIGGEST PROBLEM today is the high cost of living. No wonder millions of Americans complain about "not having enough money to live on." Every wage earner, every family, knows how prices have gone up and how the dollar has shrunk in buying power. But what they don't realize is that this evil situation is not due entirely to inflation.

Taxes are taking an ever-increasing bite out of your pocketbook. In fact, government today has become your *largest single expense!* Of every dollar of income, the average family pays 31 cents for government, as against only 23 cents for food, 14 cents for shelter, and six cents for clothing. But even worse, by far the greatest portion of what you pay for government is collected in *hidden* taxes—the taxes you never see or hear about.

They are added to the price of everything you buy. That means that the average family today pays not only an income tax, a real-estate and school tax, an auto-license tax—but also $700 a year in hidden taxes for which it gets no receipts whatever. And which are levied without the slightest consideration being given to the traditional rule of your "ability to pay."

The hidden tax is taken alike from rich and poor. It is paid by the woman who buys a diamond necklace and by the working mother who buys a dozen eggs for her children. When the millionaire and the day laborer buy cigarettes, they each pay exactly the same amount in taxes. Continually, 365 days a year, the cost of every item we buy is boosted anywhere from five to 50 per cent, and even more, by the hidden taxes it has been forced to absorb.

In Congress, much is being made

about repealing some of the wartime excise taxes on such "luxuries" as jewelry, furs and cosmetics. Yet, unconscionable as these are—five years after the war—they have one virtue: everyone who pays them *knows* he is paying them. As an object lesson in the high cost of government, they may be worth every cent they cost. But with their passing, it becomes all the more necessary that we do not lose sight of the levies placed upon us "under the counter"—the taxes which never appear on the sales ticket.

Let us examine this growing burden of secret taxes and see what it means to your way of life.

If you smoke two cigarettes while you are reading this article, you will be paying Uncle Sam a little more than a penny in taxes. If you are a pack-a-day smoker, your fine runs up to $42 a year. But don't let that stop you from lighting up. You can't go far these days without paying some hidden tax. Even as you start the day, you begin to pay.

That $6 alarm clock which awakens you has $1.20 in taxes hidden in its works. And from then on, there is a hidden tax on everything you touch, right down to the magazine you read before snapping off the light at your bedside table. For instance:

The seven-cent bar of soap carries two cents in hidden taxes.

The $225 refrigerator costs you $75 in taxes.

The $15 purse, $5 in taxes.

The $18 auto tire, $3 in taxes.

The $3.75 bottle of whiskey, $2.06 in taxes.

The $2,100 automobile, $400 to $500 in taxes.

And gasoline—at 25 cents a gallon—really breaks down at 14 cents for fuel, plus 11 cents in taxes.

What does this mean to your gasoline mileage? You may boast that you get 18 miles a gallon out of your car. Actually, you are paying for 32 miles when you buy a gallon of gas, but 44 per cent of the value is siphoned off by tax collectors, strung all the way from a Texas oil well to the tank in your car.

If you don't drive a car, the tax man gets you in other ways. Let us say, for example, that you and your wife go to the neighborhood movie and pay $1.40 for seats. Included in that price is the cost of two ice cream sodas which the theater operator might serve you free if he didn't have to turn over about 30 per cent of the admission price to the government in taxes.

IF YOU THINK it is only amusements and other nonessentials that fall under the shadow of hidden taxes, go to the other extreme and consider what happens, taxwise, to the staff of life—bread—before you toast it for breakfast. The Tax Foundation, which watches out for such things, visited (at random) an Indianapolis grocer. Here is what was included in the bread price.

The grocer pays taxes on income, on real estate, telephone, lights, transportation, refrigerator, and other equipment. The baker who put the bread on his shelf pays a corporation tax, telephone, telegraph, transportation taxes. He is taxed for unemployment insurance and social security for his salesmen.

There is also the matter of licenses on his trucks, and state and federal taxes on gasoline and oil and tires. And before him, the flour mill in Kansas City paid seven federal and eight Missouri state taxes, and the railroad that hauled the wheat to the mill paid at least five federal taxes, in addition to real-estate and other taxes in each state through which it passed.

That gives you a general idea of the taxes on a piece of toast. And still this isn't the full story.

How were all these taxes from farm to breakfast table figured into the price you finally paid? It was not done by simple addition.

The miller of the flour, for example, must add to the price he pays the farmer the three per cent tax on freight transportation. When he, in turn, sells the flour to the baker, he bases his selling price not only on the cost of the grain, but on the cost of grain *plus* total freight charges. If, for example, he operates on a 20 per cent margin of profit, the freight tax goes into his calculating machine along with the cost of the grain, and his selling price comes out high enough to represent a 20 per cent profit on the total.

The baker, of course, must do the same thing. After all, his costs consist not only of flour, milk, shortening, and salt, but also of freight taxes, real-estate taxes, telephone and telegraphic taxes, plus taxes on gasoline for delivery trucks and on car licenses. And then comes the grocer, who must do the whole thing over again.

So, by the time you buy a 15-cent loaf of bread, at least five cents' worth can't be toasted. It has been sliced away by a long series of hidden taxes upon hidden taxes—*151 in all*—each increasing the amount of those that follow.

If you trace a suit of clothes from the wool raiser through the retail store, you will count a total of 116 taxes on it. Follow the history of a pair of shoes and you will discover 502 different taxes, of which 280 are levied by the Federal Government, 136 by the state, and 86 by the city.

In the same way, a 14-cent quart of milk picks up enough taxes to add seven cents to the cost by the time you pay 21 cents for it; and a 50-cent pound of meat collects 20 cents in taxes that you can't roast, broil or fry.

Even the babies don't escape. What does a government representing 150 million people want of babies? Answer: in 1949, baby oil and baby powder, two necessities in infant care, yielded the government a million dollars each.

When you get to bigger items, the hidden tax is bigger, too. Take that new car you just bought—or would like to buy. In 1936, the factory price of a Ford sedan was $520. This year, according to an analysis by the Ford company, you are paying $511.50 in direct and indirect taxes when you buy a car. Most of these payments are not itemized, but represent about 25 per cent of the delivered price of the $2,000 automobile!

And finally, what about that home that so many young Americans have vainly sought in recent years? If your dreams have been shattered by today's high prices, the hidden tax has special significance for you. That ranch house would be priced about one-third less if tax collectors hadn't swarmed all over the site while it was being built.

In studying the burden on a

typical $10,000 house built on Long Island, the Tax Foundation uncovered no less than 639 hidden taxes paid by architect, builder, mortgage banker, insurance agent, jobber, manufacturer, contractor, and subcontractor. These were attached in such hodgepodge fashion that accurate calculation is all but impossible. But building experts have come up with a total figure of $3,000 in taxes. In other words, $7,000 for the house, $3,000 for Uncle Sam.

So MUCH FOR the hidden tax as it increases the price of everything you buy. What does it all add up to? How does it compare with some charges that we can see—income taxes, for instance?

In the last half of 1949, all federal personal income taxes totaled 6½ billion dollars. But in that same period, *the hidden tax bill was more than 11 billion dollars*—nearly twice as much!

It included more than half a billion dollars on cigarettes; more than a billion on liquor; a quarter-billion for telephone and telegraph; the same for traveling and shipping by railroad; another quarter-billion on gasoline (the states took three times as much); forty millions on sugar; nearly five millions on playing cards; and even five millions on matches.

And so the hidden tax goes on and on, through an endless list of thousands of items winding up with a single item of six billions collected from corporations—but still paid by you. The corporations which make your car, washing machine, and television set are merely tax collectors for the government. They collect the tax from you by adding it into the price, and then turn the fine over to the government.

If yours is an average American family, buying only a normal share of life's necessities and luxuries, you may pay only $200, $300 or $400 in income taxes. But your hidden-tax bill will come to $700 a year. Thus your living standards have been reduced by just that much.

Can these taxes be reduced? Canada, with less than 10 per cent of our population, last year exempted nearly a million persons from income taxes and cut taxes on the rest by 32 per cent. The Dominion's tax bill has been going down steadily for the last four years.

Our government can do the same, if we insist. But before we can insist, we must first understand what we are paying. The hidden-tax burden must be placed right on the sales ticket where you can understand how it is increasing the cost of living. It might be a good start if the hidden tax were paid in the same way that Alexander Summer, a New Jersey realtor, collects withholding taxes from his 100 employees.

Recently, Summer decided that his workers were making two mistakes about taxes: 1) they thought "the other fellow" was paying them; and 2) that the amount of money they found in their weekly pay envelopes was what they really were earning.

To dispel these illusions, Summer now pays the full salary and asks his employees to hand back, in cash, what the government requires for unemployment insurance, social security, and income taxes. In the

Summer Company, there no longer is any doubt that *everyone* pays the cost of government; that take-home pay is not the true salary, but salary after taxes.

Perhaps it is time this method was applied to uncovering the billions in hidden taxes. Our understanding of the real tax burden would be clarified immediately were our new shoes marked: "$7 for shoes, $2.50 for taxes—total $9.50." Or our bread: "Ten cents for loaf, five cents for government—total 15 cents."

With such bills on every hand, it would not be long before the American people would demand that taxes be cut. For they would then realize that the tax burden cannot be shifted to any one class. If the Treasury seized all incomes above $50,000 a year, the money would merely run the government for a few days. If the total tax burden were shifted to corporations, we would still be footing the bill as stockholders and customers of these corporations.

Once the true picture of hidden taxes were brought into public view, you and your family would realize why your living costs go up and up. Then perhaps we would all decide that working nearly four months out of the year for the tax collector is too much to pay for the cost of government.

Mother's Pride

BEHIND THE phenomenal success of the radio serial, "The Goldbergs," is the warmly human and friendly spirit of its author, Gertrude Berg. Mrs. Berg keeps in touch with the lives of the little people about whom she writes so movingly by attending—sometimes invited, but as often uninvited—their picnics, parties, weddings, and confirmations.

One evening, Mrs. Berg crashed an East Side wedding, and was thirstily drinking in snatches of conversation between the guests, when one of their number suddenly turned upon her and demanded, "Are you a friend of the groom?"

"Oh, no," the eavesdropping author replied, "the bride."

In a little while a grim-visaged woman came up to her and announced, "I am the bride's mother, lady, and I've never seen you before in my life!"

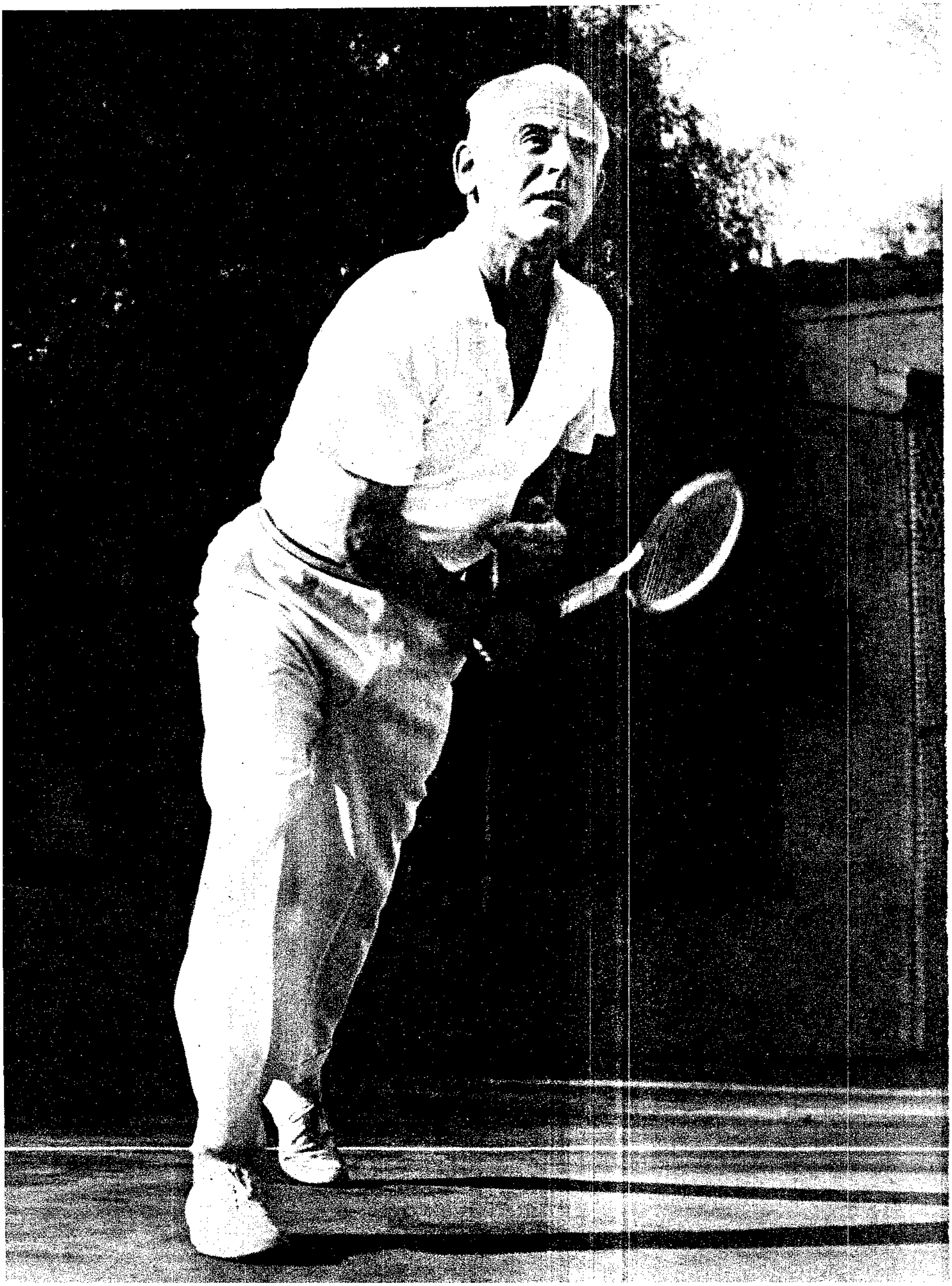
Mrs. Berg smiled and whispered something in the woman's ear. The woman returned the smile, and rejoined, "Ah, I understand. Make yourself at home, dearie. Hope you have a good time."

It was weeks before Mrs. Berg would reveal to her friends what it was she had whispered to the bride's mother.

"I told her," laughed the author of "The Goldbergs," "that I was the mother of the bride's disappointed suitor. You know, there isn't a mother alive who doesn't think her daughter is a heartbreaker!" —ADRIAN ANDERSON

California: Dreamland West

When James Marshall found a gold nugget in a shallow stream at Sutter's Mill in 1848, he transformed California from a remote American outpost to a seething, galvanic new state. Today, it still hasn't settled down. Flooded with a modern version of the Forty-niners—seekers whose clothes, jobs, cars, opinions are molded by the Golden Land—California is a study in 20th-century frontier living.



Like the Forty-niners, this oil worker—one of 15,000—knows the riches

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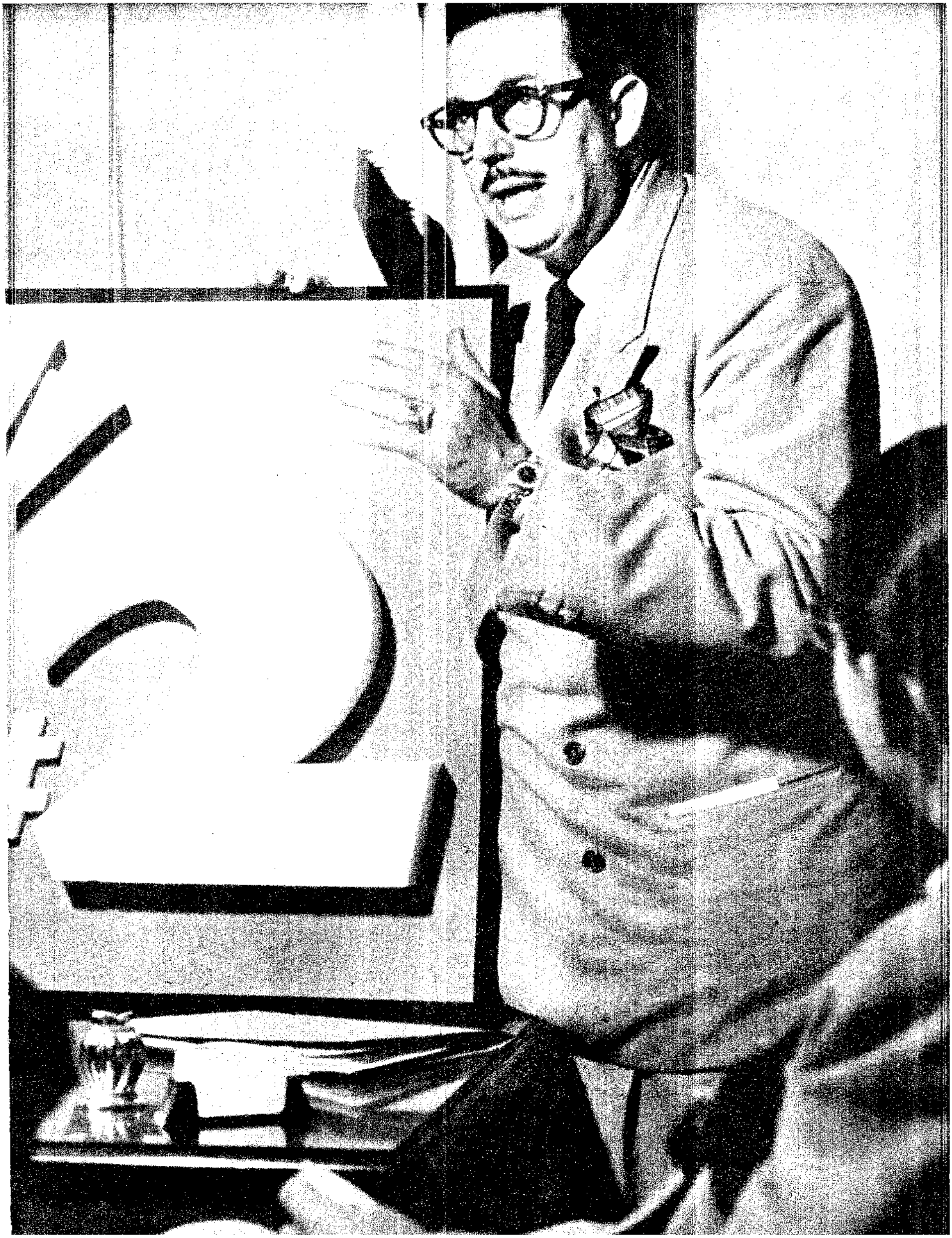

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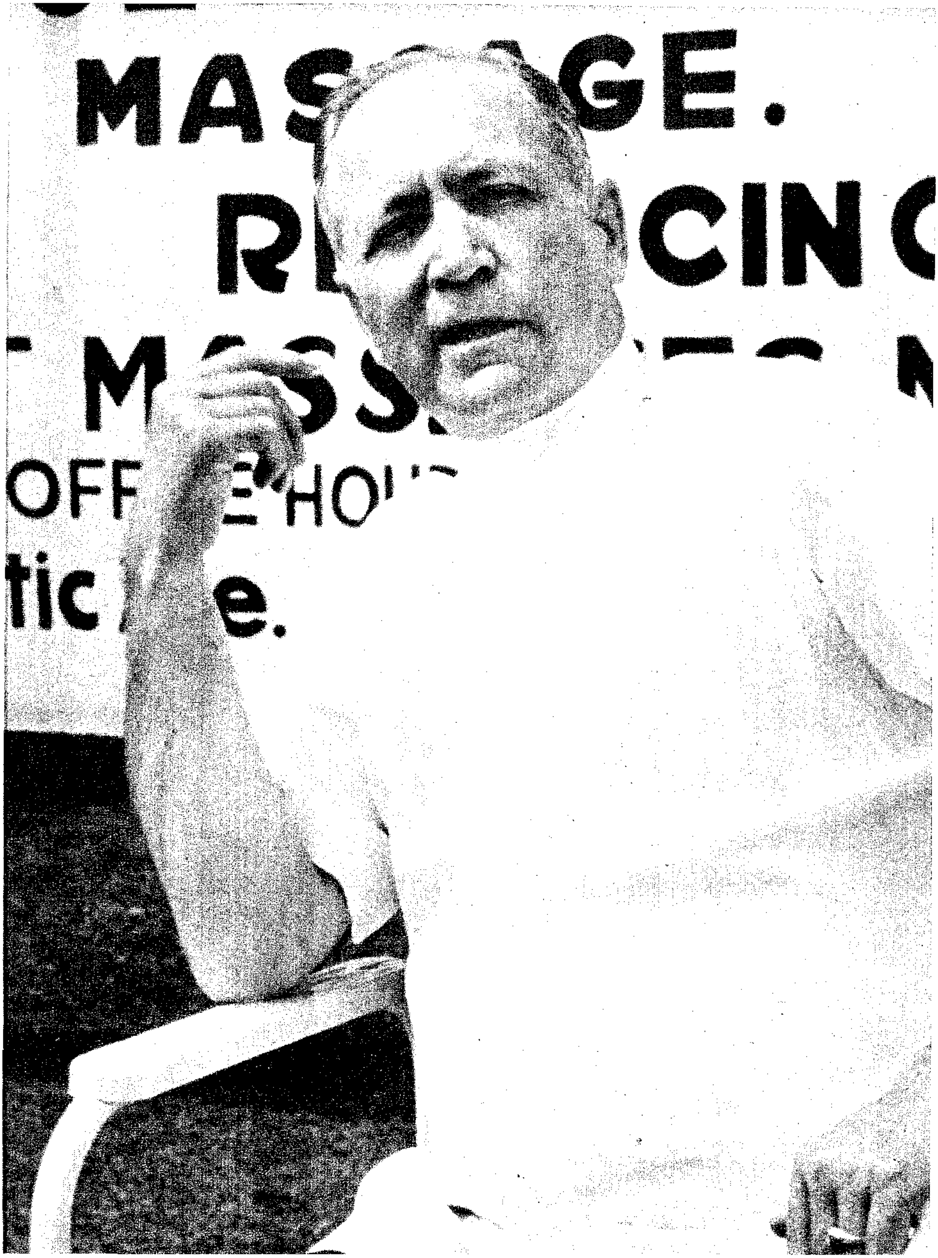
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The farmer is a hard working, grand thinking [illegible]

The lure of California, by literature and word-of-mouth, is often overpowering. This man read how "your foot crushed 100 flowers," and left New York for good. Today, he sends fresh blooms all over America.

California's 65,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry are skilled vegetable farmers. When they were sent East during the war, a Monterey woman noted: "We haven't had a good vegetable since the Nisei left."

GEORGE WELCH

Californians consider themselves survivors of a great adventure, sometimes have altimeters in their cars. They have glamorized the sober young men who fly as the pioneers of tomorrow's superplanes.

WATCH OUT for Camera Gyps!

by MADELYN WOOD

To the tune of millions a year, phony photographers cash in on sentiment or ego

"WE'LL TURN THIS into an oil-painted masterpiece," a Seattle woman was told as she entrusted a family photograph to a man who had come to her door. She thought she was improving a treasured keepsake. Instead, she was merely buying heartbreak.

A prominent Ohio businessman visiting New York City was flattered when a "press photographer" called at his hotel and "took his picture for the newspapers." That piece of flattery cost him $200.

As victims of a nation-wide racket that has turned the camera into a device for "taking" people instead of photographs, this man and woman joined the hundreds of thousands who have been swindled by gyp photographic studios exacting a tribute that runs into millions annually.

Although vigorously combated by the Federal Trade Commission, the Better Business Bureaus, and the Photographers Association of America, this shabby fraud can be stopped only if the public becomes fully aware of how the fleecers operate. Though their methods are as varied as they are cruelly ingenious, fortunately they follow easily recognizable patterns.

These rackets are not operated by legitimate, local photographers, some 6,000 of whom belong to the Photographers Association of America, which polices its members and fights any selling method that is not fair to the public. Sometimes the photo racketeers sell by mail, but they are just as liable to send hordes of salesmen to conduct periodic raids on a community. In other instances, particularly in large cities, they operate from local studios which are likely to move and change names frequently.

No one can calculate the amount

of unhappiness caused by the "oil painting" racket. To thousands of people all over the country, it has meant the loss of treasured, irreplaceable photographs. Thousands of other victims have been forced to ransom back their pictures at outrageous prices.

It begins when a man appears at your door with the statement that he represents a photographic studio. He is going to give you, he says, an opportunity to get a $20 painting free—not an ordinary painting, but one made from a family photograph of your selection.

"Take one of these," he tells you, extending a sheaf of paper slips. "Maybe you'll draw the lucky slip and win the painting."

Excitedly you draw a slip. You are lucky! The printing reads something like this:

Gold Certificate
This entitles holder to our special
advertising offer

As a happy winner you sit down with the salesman to look over the family album. One of these old photographs, he says, can be turned into an oil painting just like his handsome samples.

There is, it seems, a little consideration—just $1.45—to cover a small portion of the cost of the artistry that will be performed on the photograph you have selected.

According to the apparently harmless contract, the studio agrees to make "one of our high-grade paintings, in the newest octagonal design, same as painting shown." There is also a line to the effect that the customer agrees to "protect and exhibit" the picture.

You are told that you will be called on by an artist who will bring a rough sketch of the painting, to receive final coloring instructions. A few days later this gentleman shows up, though of course he is no artist and the sketch is simply an enlarged, unfinished proof of the original picture.

Now comes the trick. Tactfully he brings up the matter of the frame—the first you have heard that you are expected to buy one.

The "artist" is shocked when you say no, you just want the picture. Maybe you will buy a frame later on, but not now. That is where you're wrong. You agreed to "protect and exhibit" the painting, didn't you? Well, that means a frame. The studio cannot risk its reputation on an unframed picture that will fade. And as for getting a frame elsewhere—well, it seems that the picture comes in a concave form and an octagonal shape that calls for a very special frame which you can buy only from the studio. It will cost you $3.95—or $5—or $10, or maybe even more.

If you still insist you don't want a frame, you are in for a real jolt. In one way or another, the man gets the idea across that you must take it or you won't get your original picture back. Chances are, you weaken under these pressures and order the frame.

The day the masterpiece arrives, you discover that, instead of a superb oil painting, you own a cheap enlargement done in garish colors sprayed on with an air brush. Actually you have a photo worth $1.25 at the most and a frame worth 50 cents to $1, and for this you may have paid $10.

A Des Moines, Iowa, company picked up its unsuspecting customers by running this newspaper advertisement:

> FREE ENLARGEMENT
>
> Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot, print or negative, photo or picture to 8 x 10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10 cents for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your picture returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

What you get back is not your enlargement but a sales letter telling you that you will, of course, prefer a colored picture worth $10, which you can get for only 75 cents. You find a postcard order enclosed.

You might toss the letter aside and wait for your *free* enlargement, but there is a stopper in it that arrests your attention, and usually gets your 75 cents into the mail.

"*Special notice:* Please be sure to return the enclosed postcard with your instructions. It bears your file-order number which we need to locate your picture. *We cannot locate your picture without it.*"

So you are stuck. You send the postcard and you have placed a C.O.D. order for the colored enlargement. If you don't send it, you don't get your original back!

SOME DAY, perhaps you will be the "lucky" winner of a phony telephone quiz in which the prize turns out to be something you didn't bargain for.

"Good morning," says a happy voice when you pick up your phone. "Is this Blank 2121?" You say it is.

"Who is this speaking?" says the voice. You give your name.

"Well, Mrs.———," says the voice, "this is Miss———, conducting the Wonder Studio Quiz. We have a lovely gift for you if you can answer today's question. Would you like to try?"

Of course you would. If you can tell her how many stars there were in the first American flag, she chortles, "Congratulations! You have won our prize of one beautiful 8 x 10 portrait in Bronzetone, valued at six dollars."

Or maybe you answer incorrectly. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs.———, that is not the right answer," says the voice. "But we have a consolation prize for you. You will receive an 8 x 10 photograph for only one dollar. What time would it be convenient for our driver to deliver your reservation to you?"

The driver turns out to be a high-pressure salesman who, before he is through talking, has walked out with anything from $5 to $50 in orders for photographs. If you don't succumb to his blandishments, and just pay a dollar for your prize "reservation," it is highly unlikely that you will ever get an 8 x 10 portrait for that amount of money.

As a business or professional man, you are pleased and flattered when a representative of the National Press Photo Bureau, Inc. (the name of one outfit stopped by the Federal Trade Commission) calls on you. He says that his organization is taking pictures of newsworthy subjects. Would you care to have yours taken, so it may be on file at the local newspaper, as well as at the Bureau's New York office? There's no charge, of course. So you agree.

A few weeks pass and a man comes to show you the proofs. He wants you to select one for press use;

actually they are good pictures, so you are softened for the touch when it comes. Wouldn't you like some extra prints? They'll cost you only $25 a dozen—or $50—or $75, the price varying with your apparent financial standing.

If you don't break down and order pictures, the outfit will keep after you by mail. Later you may get a letter, like this one received by people whose pictures had been taken by a nation-wide gyp outfit:

> Recently we made a Goldtone Miniature from one of your negatives for display at an exhibition of miniatures. The exhibition has been concluded and we are offering you the opportunity of acquiring for yourself this fine reproduction at the greatly reduced price of $12.50. Our regular price is $75.

The truth is that there never has been any exhibition. Your picture has never been made up into a miniature; they are just waiting for your order to come in. The miniature you buy, if you fall for this racket, is not worth $12.50, much less its supposed value of $75.

Follow a few simple rules and you can save money and help put these racketeers out of business.

1. Compare prices. Don't be taken in by "special" offers. Suspect anyone who claims he is making you a special "advertising offer," or "introductory special."
2. Don't be fooled by "free" offers. Reputable businessmen don't give their merchandise or services away—any more than you can afford to work without a salary.
3. If in doubt, call the Better Business Bureau.

Whatever you do, be alert. You never know when a photo faker will turn up. Even on your vacation, you may run into him. If you are near a tourist spot in a big city, you are likely to hear a click, after which a man with a camera steps up and says, "I've just taken your picture. Now I'm sure you'll want this as a souvenir of your visit. If you will give me $1, I will give you a receipt and your picture will be mailed to you within six weeks."

This racket has a unique distinction—it may not involve a photograph at all. Better Business Bureau experts suspect that the faker doesn't even use film in the camera with which he snaps your "picture"!

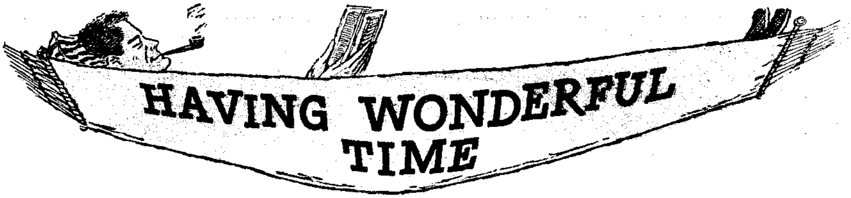
What's to Stop Her?

IT HAPPENED on one of the Groucho Marx audience-participation broadcasts. Groucho had a ten-year-old girl in front of the "mike." In the course of the usual "warm-up" questions, he asked her, "And what do you want to be when you grow up?"

After a full 30 seconds of silent deliberation, the child answered very seriously, "A woman."

The answer left Groucho speechless. Finally, he recovered his voice, but the only retort he could bring forth was, "Well, I guess you stand a pretty good chance!"

—NORENE A. MAINUS



HAVING WONDERFUL TIME

IF YOU THINK the bathing beaches are crowded, just take a look at some of the bathing suits. —KENT RUTH

A LITTLE GIRL was crossing the Atlantic with her mother. It was her first ocean trip. The sea was as smooth as the proverbial millpond for the first three days; then the ship began rolling and pitching heavily.

The child could not understand what had happened. "Mother," she asked, "what's the matter? Are we on a detour?" —*The Sailors' Magazine*

ON THE MANTEL in the lobby of a Santa Barbara, California, hotel stands a clock. A circle of white paper completely covers its face, and upon the paper are printed these significant words:

VACATION TIME. —LOUISE PRICE HALL

BETTY, THE FARMER'S daughter, was milking a cow when the bull suddenly charged toward her across the meadow. Betty did not move. Summer boarders who had dashed to safety saw, to their astonishment, that the bull stopped within a few yards of Betty, then turned and walked meekly away.

"Weren't you afraid?" someone asked the girl.

"No, *I* wasn't but I'll bet *he* was," Betty laughed. "You see, this cow is his mother-in-law."

—THOMAS DREIER (NASHUA *Cavalier*)

THE PARTY FROM the dude ranch rode up Echo Canyon, and after much yoohoo-ing and halloo-ing and listening to the returning echoes, they came to a large flat rock on which had been painted a huge red cross.

"What's that?" asked one lady.

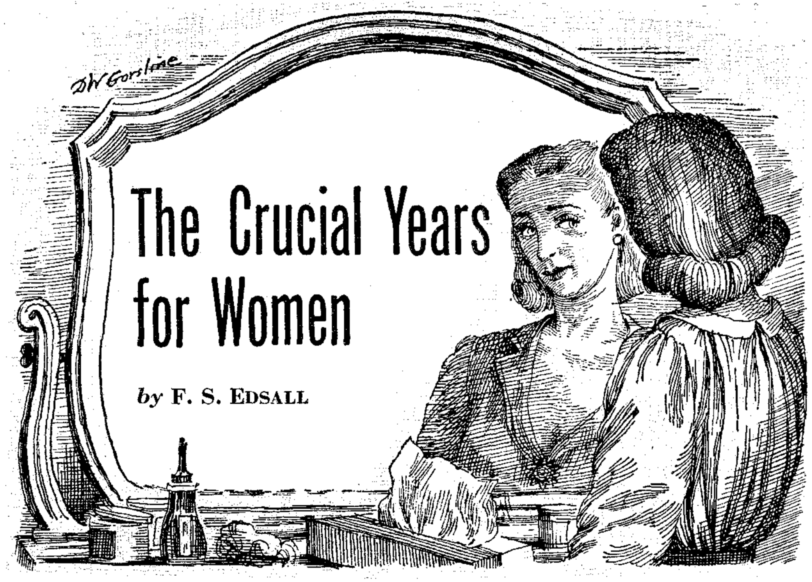
"That," said the guide, "is where the woman went crazy last year."

"Went crazy!" exclaimed the lady. "What caused her to do that?"

"She was trying to get in the last word," answered the guide, gently urging his horse on up the trail.

—COLORADO BILL

THE AVERAGE MAN never has to worry very much about planning his summer vacation—his boss decides for him *when* he'll go and his wife decides *where*. —DICK FRANKFORT



The Crucial Years for Women

by F. S. Edsall

Fear of "change of life" is rooted in myths and fallacies; here are the *facts*

EVERY WOMAN in her forties is troubled by certain personal fears and uncertainties. She approaches the period called "change of life" with trepidation, and with only hearsay as a guide. A dozen questions perplex her.

Will she lose her charm, her figure, her interest in men, her interest for men, her pleasure in love-making? Will her personality change so completely that she will be unable to recognize herself? Will she withdraw gracefully or be placed protesting on the shelf, there to accumulate the dust of patience and resignation?

The reasons why the prospect of change of life alarms many women are obvious and understandable; but most of these fears are groundless. Indeed, the majority of women pass through this phase of the life cycle with the greatest of ease.

Often the chief cause of trepidation is an ignorance which can be dispelled by accurate information. Most women, by the time they are forty, have developed their latent capacity for facing facts with courage and common sense—and once they have facts to face, they find their fears disappearing.

Much of a woman's life is built on an underlay of elementary mental arithmetic—a checking off of four-week intervals on a calendar, the counting up of nine months to a confinement; and, much later, the questioning of older women, and a wondering what life will be like when the menopause arrives.

Actually, in the transition from child to woman, she has already

From *Change of Life: A Modern Woman's Guide* by F. S. Edsall, published by The Woman's Press, New York, N. Y.

lived through a period of tremendous change for which the body had to adjust psychically as well as physically. In all likelihood, she passed through adolescence as the majority of young girls do—naturally and normally. The change she is now approaching, like adolescence, is expected by the body and designed for its survival.

One thing is certainly true of a woman at this stage: the one who can help her best is she herself. Of course, when necessary, her physician will prescribe any one of various drugs, such as the estrogens, thyroid, vitamin B, or mild sedatives, to help her make the menopausal adjustment with a minimum of discomfort. Nevertheless, none of these aids can be considered an adequate substitute for self-help.

One doctor who has worked with hundreds of such patients says without qualification: "The best treatment for the nervous disorders of the menopause is that practiced by the patient herself, who determines to relegate such disorders to their proper place of unimportance."

The effect of the menopause on a woman's mind and spirit depends on the degree of ease or difficulty with which the whole organism establishes a new balance. Those women who have previously shown a tendency toward psychic upheavals may have a somewhat stormy experience. But the two psychic symptoms common enough to deserve mention here are *emotional instability* and *change in sexual feeling.*

By far the most common is emotional instability, which often expresses itself in crying spells, moodiness, and depression. Withdrawal of the ovarian secretion, together with the compensating overactivity of the thyroid and adrenal glands that often accompanies the withdrawal, induces this condition. However, emotional instability is apt to be much more marked in women predisposed to self-interest.

Now all living creatures have a healthy interest in self. But constant preoccupation with self to the exclusion of other interests is a pitiable waste of self, life, and precious time.

There are certain types of women who have so overindulged themselves in this *in*look as to be real liabilities to themselves. Although these types are different, they are alike in certain particulars: all of them make their associates exceedingly uncomfortable, all exaggerate the importance of themselves.

The first of these types is "The Noble Character"—the woman who sets for herself impossible standards of unselfishness, thoughtfulness, courage, and achievement. When she falls short, as humanly she must, she is either greatly discouraged with herself or unconsciously resentful of the surrounding less-noble fellow mortals whom she blames for her own shortcomings.

Another type is "The Woebegone," peak examples of which can be found among menopausal women. Such a woman has made a lifework of being miserable. In addition, at this stage, there is always the marvelously melancholy thought: "Most of my life is over, and what do I have to show for it? My great potentialities have not been realized. My children do not appreciate me. And my husband has lost all interest in me."

This type is sunk in a mudflat of self. Instead of winning sympathy, she causes people to skirt the swamp and run for the open fields. She, too, is frustrated and unhappy.

"The Woman Who Is Always Right" is even less popular than her unfortunate sisters already mentioned, and no happier than they. She, too, is centered on self and suffers from an exaggerated need to impress her importance on those about her.

We are all familiar with "The Martyr." Most of us, at one time or another, have either been one or lived with one. Both experiences are to be avoided at all costs, for they are an exhausting and deplorable waste of life. When The Martyr wakes up and lives, she realizes that most of the causes of her suffering lie within herself.

"The Clinging Mother" is the mother who continues to brood over the fledglings long after they have reached the age of maturity. That they should then spread their wings and fly away is life's inevitable way. But The Clinging Mother tries to keep the fledgling in the nest—an overgrown and nearly always resentful baby. She, in turn, is constantly preoccupied with her grievances, of which her favorite is the vast ingratitude of children.

The middle-aged "Glamour Girl" is a different story. As long as she remains completely self-deceived, she lives in a dream world in which she is fragile, lovely, and gay. As time goes by, however, she works harder and harder on the illusion. Her clothes become gayer; her make-up more vivid; her voice more vivacious; her tales of conquest more incredible.

Like the other types, she is entirely preoccupied with self, and as time passes and doubts swarm like gnats into her illusory Eden, this glamorous and aging Eve is often pitifully unhappy.

The last of the *in*looking types is "The Character," who intentionally cultivates an eccentric, outrageous, and startling personality. Often gifted with an original mind, she is her own work of art by the time she has reached late middle age.

Such a woman is a combination of artist, actor, and spoiled child, and has malice and ruthlessness in her make-up. Her end product is, of course, a Privileged Character. Because of her genuine entertainment value, she is tolerated and even enjoyed, especially by those who see her for short times only.

The reasons for these unfortunate behavior patterns may be rooted far back in one's past. But to recognize a particular pattern as a handicap is a step forward. To believe one can consciously change, and to determine to do so, is an even more important step in the right direction.

All of us who overindulge the *in*look, to our own misery and that of our family and friends, should consciously cultivate the *out*look. Often, behavior patterns we have been strengthening for years hold us in their grip. Breaking away takes time, patience, and conscious effort. But when we begin to stretch and look about us, it is amazing how many absorbing and profitable things we can find to do.

THE OVEREMPHASIS our whole culture places on youth and romantic love is not without effect on women approaching the menopause. Magazine fiction, moving pictures, advertisements, all cry—

in brilliant colors and alluring voices—the beauty, gaiety, confidence, vigor, and glamour of youth. Small wonder that the woman in her forties begins to think of sexual love in the past tense or to believe that she should do so, when actually she does not.

By the time the married woman has reached change of life, companionship based on affection and mutual trust has probably come to mean more to both husband and wife than the physical aspect of marriage. Still, that aspect is there, and certain tensions build up, especially in the woman. Such may be the case because she actually experiences an increase of desire at a time of life when her husband's sex drive is slowing down.

Various fears and an oversensitivity may lead her to attribute his lessening interest to causes in herself. A kind of stubborn vanity plus fear of rejection may make it impossible for her to attempt to court his interest. The growing tension finds its outlet in jealousy or anger or dislike of the husband, who has not sensed her predicament.

Or the opposite may happen, for doctors have found that a woman's sex desire may decrease during the climacteric. Thus, we may see the above situation in reverse. The husband is, or feels, rejected, and again tension accumulates and finds its outlet in explosions.

Yet, with many married couples, it is only after the wife's menopause that the marriage finally becomes a real fellowship. A woman does not necessarily lose sex desire or pleasure in love-making after the menopause. Once it was falsely believed that at change of life a woman's sex life came to an abrupt end and that, thereafter, sex relations were unthinkable.

With release from fear of pregnancy and an increase in available energy for the wife, now that her children are grown, the sex satisfaction of later life often becomes richer and deeper than ever. This is particularly true of a marriage where sex response has become a symbol of growing unity, one of many mutually shared experiences.

THE REASONS WHY some women in their forties grow careless about personal grooming are not too obscure. The younger generation tends to put mother on the shelf, and often she passively accepts the role thrust upon her. Now that she believes her own sex appeal has gone, she is apt to think attention to personal appearance a lost cause.

To compete with youth is, of course, silly. Youth has its own appeal, and the charm of maturity is certainly something altogether different. But it is real, nevertheless, and the woman owes it to herself, her husband, and her children to enhance this charm. Intelligent attention to personal grooming, to making the best of her own physical assets, cannot be too strongly stressed, for such concern is far healthier psychologically than to lapse into a shapeless stodginess under the pretense of being "sensible."

Be yourself. Act your age (without overdoing it, of course). But don't forget that there he is—this husband who is your earthborn companion and fellow mortal. The woman needs her husband's love especially now; and he, hers. She should curb any tendency to trace all the results of her own shortcomings to his obvious weaknesses.

Many women, caught up in preoccupation with self, fail to realize that their husbands are facing disconcerting psychic problems, too. In America, tremendous stress is placed upon a man's drive to "get ahead," so that his very masculinity is subject to self-doubt if he does not succeed.

Through his twenties and thirties, a man pushes confidently toward certain goals and dreams hopefully of success. But in the forties and fifties, if these goals have not been reached (and with the great majority of men they are not), he must face with a shock his own limitations. It's a rare woman who fully understands how difficult and painful her husband may find this realization. She forgets that he also suffers from the invidious comparisons induced by a culture emphasizing youth and romantic love.

Sometimes the homeward-bound, middle-aged man, as he listens to his car radio crooning of love, sees himself in the car mirror. The face that looks back is often gray with fatigue, lined with anxiety.

He opens the door to his home and steps in. In the living room his teen-age son and daughter are dancing in front of a record player with a group of friends. The house literally rocks to the stamping and clapping, the wisecracks and giggles.

When he enters, there is a momentary pall—the respect due his declining years. To the shining young girls, he might as well be a piece of dusty furniture.

Then comes the din of departure. A girl who might well be the model for a magazine cover looks right past him as she smiles good-bye to his six-foot son. The house trembles again as the front door bangs after each departure.

In the kitchen, his wife is getting dinner. In appearance she is a far cry from the glamour girl of the movies or cosmetic advertisements. Her figure is neat and trim, but a bit plumper than it used to be. Her hair, like his, is beginning to gray.

After his encounter with youth, there is momentary pleasure and comfort in her glance of welcome. His wounded masculinity, the stab of jealousy toward his young son, begin to seem a little silly—but they were there all the same. As he dutifully hangs up his coat and hat, the vague sense of dissatisfaction is stifled. But only for the time being.

Then, too, although men go through no experience comparable to change of life, it is true that a diminution in their genital life does take place. However, since sex in a man is not intricately a part of the whole organism as it is in a woman, the actual physical adjustment is, for the most part, easily made. But psychically, if a man is still caught in the ego stage of his development and considers virility a great personal asset, the adjustment is very difficult to make.

His diminishing masculinity is often doubly hard to take because it is sharply contrasted with the youthful vigor of his sons and daughters. He may even attribute his normally lessening sex drive to the monotony of marriage, and feel impelled to prove his virility with new conquests—usually women much younger than he.

But what he has of male vanity, coupled with his sense of the rules of the game, compels him to cover up all this. In the attitudes he may strike at home, we find what psychologists call overcompensation. Many a wife has not understood these reasons for her husband's strange behavior. She takes him at his own evaluation, which—when seen in contrast to her realistic inner picture of herself—infuriates her.

In comparison with her own life, she pictures her husband's as one of variety, adventure, and accomplishment. She sees all his business contacts as stimulating and amusing, while she is left to montonous household routines, many of which can be sheer drudgery. Her jealousy and consequent self-pity may build up a strong unconscious resentment.

As a matter of fact, most of the routine of his job may be far more deadly than hers, for it offers less, rather than more, variety. If the job uses only a fraction of his abilities, his sense of accomplishment may be nil. As for adventure, now that he knows his "going places" leads to a dead-end sign, there just isn't any. And a goodly number of his business contacts are insufferable bores.

However, now and again a wife senses the misery and rebellion her husband tries to camouflage. She tries to see more clearly what his life outside the home is actually like. She avoids self-pity, and realizes that, in fostering an aggrieved attitude, she is sowing seeds of discord to wreck their marriage.

Unobtrusively she feeds his sensitive ego. She tries to arouse those latent interests she knows he has, to turn his attention toward experiences in which he can find pleasure and satisfaction. She is clever and subtle; but, more than this, her secret of success lies in the fact that she loves him as well as or better than she does herself.

BY THE TIME THEY REACH change of life, many women are aware of having broken through into a period of more abundant energy and serenity. Freedom from menstrual distress alone is a great boon to some. To others, freedom from fear of pregnancy may mean the shedding of secret anxiety. For most of them, anxiety was not due to fear of childbearing, but to the practical realization that their family unit was geared to a certain economic capacity. Now that particular worry is gone.

Then, too, many women in their forties experience a very real change in their way of seeing things—the result of having assimilated all the living those years held. Certain kinds of personal insecurity, once sources of distress, seem to melt away. Against a longer stretch of time, the demands of the moment become less goading and are met more steadily.

Her children, now almost grown, no longer need her constant care. Her husband is usually established in his lifework. She finds she has the leisure and energy to do things she always wanted to do. She begins to see the many jigsaw pieces of her life fall into place with meaning and design.

Maturity is not a matter of years only. We can all think of older men and women who have not yet attained it. Maturity is a state of mind and heart that is a compound of distilled experience, breadth of interest, depth of sympathies and a kind of other-than-selfness, a very real sense of being a conscious part of something bigger than self.

Between infancy and the present stage came a long stretch of years in which self came into being, grew in stature, strained to wrest from life all that it needed for healthy growth—knowledge of the world, development and use of personal powers, a mate and children, strength to win out against competition, strength to gain recognition. This is the natural ego stage of a human life.

None of us, however, leave the ego stage with all its values realized. In our dippings into the pie of life, we are not all Jack Horners, always pulling out plums. Sometimes we pull out lemons; sometimes, only burnt thumbs. If we are mature, we will enjoy the plums, recognize the lemons, administer first aid to the burnt thumb, and be more cautious next time.

To be mature is, perhaps, to realize that security and peace lie within one's self, and never anywhere else. So why not change with change of life? It may well mean increased freedom and the release of greater energy into new interests, new understandings, new experiences outside personal problems.

You have reached a plateau where the air is thinner but the view better; where perspective, objectivity, and serenity (a kind of inner security) have grown within the climber. Now moments of heightened consciousness come more frequently—moments of revelation in which you feel yourself a living part of a greater whole.

Perhaps you feel a part of humanity through a closer sense of fellowship with all human beings who share the life experience. Perhaps yours is a fresh insight which makes you feel closer to the real significance of all that you and others have lived through. Your route may be by way of a greater sensitivity to beauty in the arts and in nature, or through creative work, or an overwhelming awareness of a new relationship with God.

By whatever channel it may come, this feeling of being a sustained and sustaining part of a greater whole brings with it a new peace, a renewal of strength. It brings, too, a kind of excitement—the realization that no matter how old an individual may grow to be, there is still much to learn.

Why Advertise?

DID YOU EVER stop to think that the poor old duck's business is always in a slump, due to her lack of advertising? She lays her eggs in seclusion—she never makes any noise about it. But when the hen lays her eggs—her cackles are heard far and near. She tells the world about it—she advertises! The result is, the world eats hens' eggs by the millions, while the poor old duck's eggs are unsought. —MAY TERESSA HOLDER

Why Shoplifters Get Caught

by ZETA ROTHSCHILD

The department-store thief, playing against heavy odds, faces a bleak future

THE STOCKY MAN in shirt sleeves, a roll of paper under his arm, left the New York department-store elevator and walked between rows of furniture to a costly tapestry.

Passing salespeople gave him only a casual glance as he eyed the tapestry for a moment or two, then moved aside a bench before it, took the tapestry from the wall and wrapped it in the paper. With the parcel under his arm, he returned to the elevator, rode down to the first floor and disappeared through the front entrance into a noonday Fifth Avenue crowd.

Not until much later did the blank space on the wall attract attention. A quick check followed. And only then did it come out that the tapestry had been taken by a shoplifter.

The theft, obviously, was no casual or impulsive one but carefully planned in advance. Without a hat or coat, the shoplifter looked like an employee sent to remove the tapestry for some legitimate reason. Because he acted without the slightest sign of stealth, no one thought to question his action.

But he had not gotten away with the crime—yet. Long ago, department stores organized a bureau to which they send daily information on shoplifting operations in their respective establishments. These details are immediately forwarded to other stores to put them on the alert.

Within 24 hours, a description of the tapestry-filcher had been relayed to other New York stores. Since his modus operandi had proved successful, he was likely to try the same routine again.

This hunch proved correct. Before the week was up, he was caught, another tapestry under his arm.

Recent years of soaring living costs have seen an influx of shoplifters, both professional and amateur, in all large cities. The former make a business of selling stolen loot, while the latter, normally honest people, find they cannot afford to keep up wardrobes and decide to help themselves from the store counters.

The gloves, handkerchiefs, scarves and bottles of perfumes that disappear daily are no temptation to the professional, who has to make a living and prefers more valuable articles. The men, and they are a minority, usually work out a complicated scheme like that of the tapestry thief. The women specialize in silk dresses, expensive lingerie and the richest furs.

In lifting a mink coat, women usually work in pairs. One visits the fur department as a casual shopper and studies the salespeople to learn their routine. Full-length mirrors, though primarily for the customer to view herself, also enable the store detective to keep an eye on a woman acting suspiciously. And since the shoplifter herself must show no sign of being watched, it is her confederate's job to be on the lookout for the detective, both in reality and reflection.

A sleek, attractive blonde visited a fur department not long ago, tried on several expensive coats, and finally told the salesman she preferred the mink, but could not decide immediately.

A few days afterward, she returned around noon. Informed that her sales clerk was out for lunch, the blonde said she would wait, meanwhile asking to see the mink coat she had been interested in. She donned it and paraded up and down before one of the mirrors.

When her confederate, hovering unobtrusively in the background, gave the signal that all was clear, the blonde started walking toward the elevator, still wearing the mink.

A woman store detective strolled into the department just in time to see her leave, and hurried after *her*. The lookout spotted the detective and hurried after *her*. All three reached the elevator simultaneously and rode down together to the first floor, seemingly oblivious to each other's identity.

Since it is a rule that all arrests must be made outside the store, the detective, keeping the blonde in sight, was following her toward the door when she suddenly tripped and fell. She was back on her feet in an instant. But the woman who had tripped the detective—the confederate, of course—caught her arm and began apologizing profusely. Before the detective could shake her off, both blonde and mink had disappeared.

Other stores, warned of the shoplifting girl and her friend, made arrangements accordingly. Two weeks later the blonde appeared in another fur department. This time she was interested in a gray Persian lamb, full length. On the second visit, the lookout recognized the detective assigned to that section and signaled the blonde to wait.

Soon the detective, apparently deciding that all was well, strolled away. The confederate gave the high sign and the blonde walked to the elevators at a leisurely pace, trailed at a discreet distance by her watchful friend.

Not for a moment did either suspect that a scrubwoman busily dusting around the racks and a man cleaning windows were also detectives. And that on the first floor, in front of the elevators, was still another, waiting for a prearranged signal that the Persian lamb was on the way down.

As the blonde stepped to the sidewalk, two detectives tapped her arm and broke the news that she was under arrest. The confederate escaped, but the fact that she had been spotted put an end to her career—in New York anyway.

RECENTLY A DETECTIVE summoned to the glove counter to watch a young man long suspected of shoplifting saw a pair of black suede gloves suddenly disappear before her very eyes. She was positive he had not slipped them into a pocket. Yet she was so certain he had taken them, and probably other pairs, that when he walked out of the store she arrested him.

Back in her office, the young man was searched. But nary a glove was found. It looked as if the store would have a suit for false arrest on its hands, until the detective, noticing a thickness in the small of his back, yanked up his shirt.

And there was a collection of gloves, handkerchiefs and expensive scarves, each held by a clasp at the end of a thick elastic cord, capable of being stretched down inside the sleeves to the cuffs. Articles to be stolen were grasped by the clasp, the elastic released and the loot snatched out of sight.

Amateur shoplifters, though their thefts amount to less than those of the professionals, are more of a headache. They are women of all ages and incomes, bent on getting something for nothing. They rarely succeed for long, and enough tears of repentance have flowed in the offices of store detectives to float a fleet of ships. If it is a first offense, the culprit may be let off with a scolding, a signed confession and a promise never to return, even for legitimate shopping.

Others receive harsher treatment. Take the case of the four Hoboken housewives who came to New York City for a weekly lunch and matinee. With an hour to kill in between, they made it a practice to go shoplifting for souvenirs. Their buxom, prosperous appearance warded off suspicion for a long time. But one day they were caught in the act.

All were in comfortable circumstances. They could easily have bought the articles they pilfered. Their defense was that the store would not miss the money lost by their shoplifting. Because the store's executives feared that these women might be setting a new fashion, it was decided to make an example of them. They were brought into court and given jail sentences.

Experienced shoplifters often try to fight back by proving the articles they are accused of stealing have been honestly purchased. If they succeed, they are not only free of the charge but can sue the store for damages.

The morning one young woman was caught shoplifting a $150 alligator handbag, a customer appeared and bought a similar bag. The saleswoman had been warned to signal the store detective if this should happen, and delay handing over the purchase. Receiving the signal, the detective intercepted the sales check and put her initials on it in very small letters. She had the sales clerk and the department manager add their initials also. Then handbag and sales check were boxed and given to the customer.

In court later, the shoplifter protested that she had bought the handbag she was accused of stealing and offered a sales check to prove it. The detective, however, explained the ruse, pointed out the three sets of initials, and the shoplifter's defense collapsed. She received the sentence she deserved.

But even the wariest of store detectives make mistakes. In the office of one Fifth Avenue operative hangs a framed linen handkerchief, retailing for perhaps a dollar. Underneath it is written: "This handkerchief is worth $2,000!" The woman arrested and accused of stealing it insisted she had bought it on a previous shopping trip. And in proof she pointed to a barely visible laundry mark. The store settled her claim of false arrest with a check for $2,000.

The shoplifter never makes much of an income. She receives very little from the fences to whom she has to sell her loot. The more successful she becomes, the harder it is to make a living, for store detectives soon recognize and are watching for her.

Though she keeps constantly on the move, the odds are still against her, since information regarding shoplifter activities is now exchanged by stores throughout the country. Her fingers become less nimble as she grows older and she is that much more liable to be caught. As a habitual offender, her sentences get longer and longer.

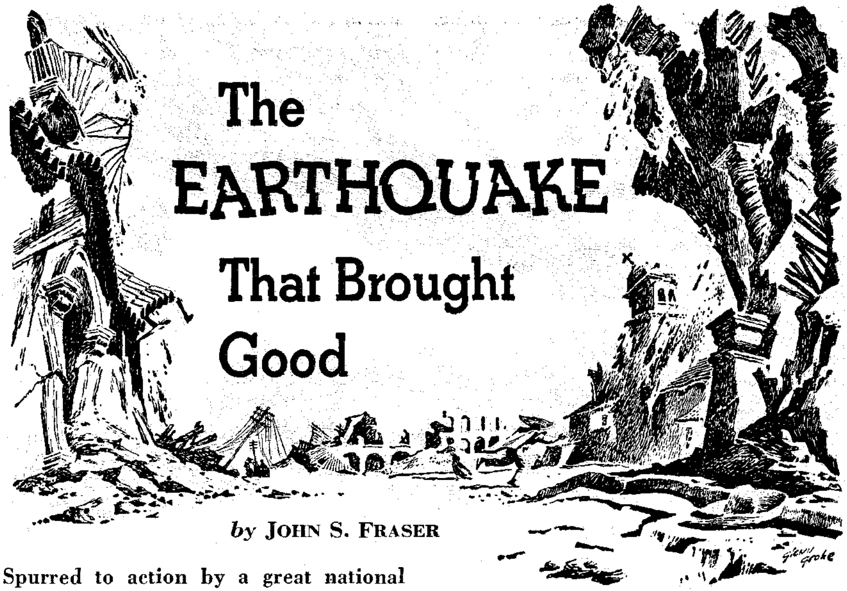
Old-timers reluctantly agree that shoplifting is a profession without a future. And department stores only wish that beginners could learn to know the kind of dismal future which lies ahead for them.

Money Talks

The way the government is spending our money, you'd think it was becoming obsolete. —STAN DREBEN

Economy seems to be a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it. —*Kreolite News*

A fellow doesn't get to see much of his money any more, with all those automatic pay-roll deductions. Now I know how a cow must feel towards a milking machine. —ARTHUR GODFREY



The EARTHQUAKE That Brought Good

by JOHN S. FRASER

Spurred to action by a great national disaster, courageous Ecuador is building a bright new future for her people

THIS IS THE STORY of a paradox—an earthquake that occurred in Ecuador on August 5, 1949, spreading death and desolation throughout three provinces. It killed 6,000 persons, left 100,000 homeless, and wrought $100,000,000 worth of damage. And yet, the paradox is that no other recorded disaster has had such constructive results.

For the quake has served to change the face of that picturesque land and helped it advance 400 years in civilization in less than one year's time. Thus, despite the suffering it caused, Ecuador's earthquake has acted as a push button for progress.

In the process of rehabilitation, modern dwellings have replaced centuries-old Indian huts. Highways are being constructed in place of ancient mountain trails. Sewage facilities, electricity, and pure drinking water will be provided in many communities for the first time. Schools and hospitals are going up. All these improvements had been talking points for years. But after the catastrophe the talking stopped and construction began.

The quake brought Ecuador intangible benefits as well. The country is not known for the even tenor of its political life; feelings run high, and violence is often the rule. But all Ecuadoreans worked together during their time of crisis, and learned that there are few obstacles which unity and solidarity cannot surmount. Forty-three-year-old President Galo Plaza Lasso expressed the sentiments of his countrymen when news of the holocaust first became known.

"The earthquake is neither Right

nor Left," he said. "It is all around us. Now is the time to forget our differences and go to work."

Ecuadoreans also learned about international cooperation during their tribulation. Outside aid of every kind was needed, and it was quick in coming—from almost every country west of the Iron Curtain. It was by no means all government-sponsored. Spontaneous contributions poured in from individuals and groups, rich and poor, inside Ecuador and out.

In Quito, on August 5, first news of the cataclysm was broadcast by the quake itself. If you were walking on the streets, you received a sudden jolt—as if someone had pushed you hard. Trees swayed as though caught in a gust of wind.

Now, Quitonians are used to mild tremors. But what they did not know—at first—was that the mild tremor they experienced was the result of a major convulsion whose center lay 120 miles away in the Ambato country, one of Ecuador's best-known resort areas.

Nor did the people (those still living) in the stricken area at first grasp the enormity of the disaster. They were principals in a Dantesque scene of crashing homes, of dying and dead. But they could not attribute those awesome moments of destruction to the malignant force of an earthquake. To them it was the end of the world—the summons to the Last Judgment.

Fragmentary reports of the calamity filtered back to Quito that afternoon via government radio. In a few dreadful moments, the town of Pelileo had been wiped out; not a building was left standing. In Ambato, city of 35,000 and the capital of Tungurahua Province, the destruction was 70 per cent complete. Banos and Pillaro, each with a population of 10,000, and Guano, 12,900 population in Chimborazo Province, all lost 90 per cent of their buildings and homes. Whole villages and farming communities simply vanished, swallowed up by the earth.

Fear of the unknown was rampant in Quito that day. It seemed as though half the population had relatives and friends living or vacationing in the Ambato country, a region of green valleys and breathtaking mountains, of hotels and mineral springs. Crowds bombarded newspaper and radio offices and even the Presidential palace for news of loved ones.

At the height of confusion, the towers of Quito's more than 50 churches boomed out the dreaded *a rebato*, the ringing of the bells, a Spanish tradition denoting national disaster. The government hastily dispatched troops to each belfry, the ringing stopped, and panic among Quito's 200,000 inhabitants was averted.

FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS, President Plaza toured the disaster region. He viewed the ruins of Ambato's immense Cathedral of Matriz, and the bodies of 70 school children entombed there. He visited Pelileo, so utterly destroyed that it will have to be rebuilt on another location; and Guano, where the earthquake turned the cemetery upside-down, throwing together the bodies of the newly dead and those long since laid to rest.

Future generations will recount with wonder the tragic, fantastic and miraculous incidents of the quake. There was the boy who, when the first shock ended, called for a horse to ride to his brother, visiting at the next hacienda. The horse was saddled, and a young Indian servant offered to serve as guide over the torn mountain trails.

The two set out. Midway in the journey there was a clap like thunder. The earth opened—and shut. The boy on the horse found himself safe. But the servant, walking only a few feet ahead, had disappeared.

There was the Indian peon plowing his farm with a yoke of oxen. It was hot, and he had hung his red poncho on a bush near a grove of eucalyptus trees. After the quake, he found himself, his oxen, his poncho, his trees, and *his farm* transported 600 yards across a valley, to come to rest on land belonging to a neighbor.

On August 8, President Plaza made another radio address, this one beamed to the outside world. "They were happy people," he said. "They were not rich. They were not poor. Let us see what can be done to save them. Those who want to cry, let them weep silver."

The response was overwhelming. During the next weeks, American C-47s, based in the Panama Canal Zone, roared down each hour with tents, canvas, radio equipment, plasma, and other medical supplies. An airlift was established between Quito and Ambato. Veterans of the Berlin blockade found themselves flying another mission of mercy, bringing in relief and carrying out the injured. Guatemala and Uruguay dispatched planes for rescue work. The Colombian Congress voted 1,000,000 pesos for aid. Argentina contributed a flight of transport planes, loaded with shoes and blankets.

Most heart-warming was the unsolicited support received from far-off places. Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, sent his personal check for 1,000 pounds. Cash contributions flooded the Ecuadorean Embassy in Washington, including a check for $1 from a blind man. In Montevideo, the Ecuadorean minister was surprised to receive an early-morning visit from a schoolboy. The youngster had walked miles to the Uruguayan capital from his farm to make the minister a present of six eggs—lest someone in Ecuador go hungry.

In Quito, Presidential secretaries became used to answering transatlantic or intra-hemisphere phone calls. Common as these were, one will be remembered by a young government worker. It came from a manufacturer in Ohio, who said:

"I would like to help. What do you need?"

"We need everything. What have you got?"

"Tell me something specific," said the manufacturer.

"Well," said the Ecuadorean, "we could use a water purifier."

"Good! Be at the Quito airport day after tomorrow. The purifier will arrive, and an engineer to install it."

Engineer and purifier did arrive by chartered plane. The machinery was set up in Ambato, and that city became the first in Tungurahua Province where it was safe to drink water without boiling it.

Bulldozers and tractors roared, clearing roads, carting away rubble, opening irrigation ditches for the next planting. The highway from Ambato to Banos was ready for normal traffic by the end of August. Trains resumed their daily schedules. Schools started again in October, some of the first classes being held in 50 tents donated by the infant State of Israel.

In Guayaquil, Ecuador's chief seaport and industrial city, sawmills went to work mass-producing prefabricated houses with corrugated aluminum roofs, windows, wooden floors, a stove and a closet for food storage. Today they are replacing the dirt-floor and thatched-roof huts in which Ecuadorean Indians have always lived.

Nothing can bring back to life the 6,000 people who perished in the 1949 quake. Nothing can erase from the minds of the survivors the memories of that frightful day. But Ecuador can thank the quake for many things.

The country is deriving strength from the unity that was the result of the crisis. Other Ecuadorean provinces, seeing the benefits of electricity, pure drinking water, clean homes, schools and hospitals in the recently devastated areas, are demanding those things for themselves. They, too, are planning and building for the future.

President Plaza summed up the spirit of his countrymen a week after the quake in a prophetic message to Congress. "There will arise a new Ecuador, with modern buildings, broad highways, houses fit for human habitation, and churches to inspire the highest ideals. When this tragic earthquake is remembered, it may be that future generations, instead of invoking the darkness and misery we mourn now, will know that our generation answered like men to the challenge of misfortune."

Yes, Ecuador learned much from its earthquake. When its people saw sympathy and support coming to their small country from the far corners of the earth, they glimpsed the true meaning of international cooperation. They realized that, even in this Atomic Age, men can act as brothers.

Ministerial Magic

THE BIG TRAFFIC COP glared at his most-recent victim, then said with a half-apologetic grin, "Oh, so you're a minister. Now, don't *you* tell me you didn't see that stop sign."

"Well, no, officer," replied the parson. "I saw the stop sign all right. The thing is, I didn't see *you*." —JOSEPH GREENE

THE FAMOUS MINISTER, Henry Ward Beecher, was asked one day: "What do you do, sir, if members of your congregation yawn?"

He replied instantly: "The sexton is under orders at such a time to walk down the aisle and wake the preacher."

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

GOSSIP IS POISON!

by MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

(Minister of The Essex Parish, Wadhams, N. Y.)

No matter how innocent, no one is safe against the deadly venom of loose tongues

"I AM DISTURBED," admitted Nick, Sr. "I could not be more concerned if the business my son and I have built were going bankrupt. In fact," he added, "if Nick and Joyce don't straighten out, that well may happen."

I had known the man sitting before me for years. He was a level-headed, hard-working small-town merchant. It was not easy for him to seek ministerial help for his only son and daughter-in-law, yet it had been evident for some time that all was not well with them.

Joyce, the pretty and vivacious bride whom Nick, Jr., had brought home after completing a refresher course at a business college, had been growing preoccupied and withdrawn. Meanwhile, the young husband was following a path that could well lead to alcoholism.

It took several conferences to crack the shell in which a bewildered, hurt Joyce was hiding her real self. And it took as many more to convince a reluctant, belligerent Nick that both he and Joyce were victims of one of the most vicious forms of social sabotage.

As soon as the news of Nick's marriage had hit town, the sabotage began: "Sudden, isn't it?" . . . "What's wrong with her? Why didn't he bring her home before he married her?" . . . "Too good for our local girls, is he? He needn't expect us to take her into our crowd."

"I simply wouldn't believe that small towns could be this way," city-reared Joyce explained. "You don't know what it did to me when, three times in my first week here, I overheard that 'poor Nick' *had* to marry me."

"Of course I knew there was gossip," said Nick, Sr., "but I kept hoping Joyce would not hear it. I never dreamed that Nick would take all that loose and malicious talk seriously. After all, it's a fairly common occurrence these days."

Here, in stark essence, we find gossip's deadly destructiveness. Once it is imbedded in the consciousness of a community, no one is secure. Unfortunately, we have not advanced to the stage where we can force a gossipmonger to carry a placard reading: "Danger! Saboteur at work!"

No age group is untouched, no character inviolable, no life safe. If you are human, if your ears and tongue are in working order, you are gossip-prone. No matter how innocent the victim, the person touched by gossip is in danger.

As a minister long familiar with the intricate interreactions of the human mind, I am not exaggerating when I state that I have seen gossip kill—literally, physically. Not long ago I buried a ten-year-old. On the death certificate after "Cause of Death," the doctor wrote: "General peritonitis." To that I would add: "Malicious gossip."

A year before, that child had suffered an attack of appendicitis. Tests revealed that the attack was past the acute stage, but the doctor told the child's parents the condition was likely to recur. He advised an operation and set the date.

Two days before the child was to enter the hospital, his mother went to a bridge party. That evening, visibly upset, she told her husband, "John, we simply can't have Doc."

"Not have Doc? Why he's been our doctor for years."

"I know, but wait until I tell you. Mary told me, and she should know. Her mother keeps house for him . . . Since Doc's wife died, he's not been himself. Mary's mother says that he puts up a good front to patients, but he's having a nervous breakdown. Can we let a doctor who might go out of his mind at any minute operate on Jackie?"

Next morning John canceled the operation. Jackie seemed better. No use hurting Doc's feelings by consulting another doctor. And so another year passed.

Then, in the middle of the night, Doc was called. Summoned to the bedside of the screaming child, he wasted no time in operating. Two days later, Jackie was dead.

"I don't care what your mother says about Doc," Helen informed Mary later. "No man could have done more for Jackie."

"Whatever makes you say that?" Mary exclaimed. "Doc is tops. I've always thought so. . . . Oh," she added as recollection came, "you mean that business a year ago? I meant to tell you. There was nothing to it." Then, not noticing Helen's stunned look, she dealt the final blow: "After all, you know mother and her tongue . . ."

Gossip . . . in a beauty parlor. A woman I knew, who long had suspected her husband of infidelity, went home and swallowed a fatal dose of sleeping tablets.

Gossip . . . in a super-market. A mother overheard what was said about her daughter. Dazed, she dashed from the store, directly into the path of a passing bus.

WHY DO WE GOSSIP? There are four possible motivations:

1. *The desire for excitement.* Most of us are rather bored with life, easily bogged down in routine. Gos-

sip stirs things up; it keeps potentially interesting events before us.

2. *The desire for attention.* The gossiper is an attention-seeker. His concern for interest in himself as he tells the tale invariably outweighs his concern for the one about whom he tells it.

3. *The desire for prestige.* Every gossiper consciously or unconsciously indulges his "I know something you don't know" urge. Generally he has a terrific inferiority complex. To be "in the know" bolsters his self-importance.

4. *The desire for security.* This motivation ranges all the way from the trivial to the tragic. Basically, the gossiper may be insecure in ordinary conversational ability, so he tosses in the latest tidbit. He may be insecure socially, so he rips to shreds the socially accepted. Or, most tragically, he may be insecure morally, ethically and spiritually. Then he verifies the psychological principle: when we believe the worst about others, we are managing to escape a guilty conscience in ourselves.

Consider Nick's father, in my opening story. Disturbed as he was, he admitted that doubt, like a smoldering stick of dynamite, lay hidden in his heart. Thus does the undermining of gossip riddle a mind, a family, a group, a whole community.

Whenever you listen to gossip, or whenever you give way to the tattletale urge, ask yourself. "Am *I* manufacturing excitement? Am *I* looking for attention? Do *I* crave being in the limelight?" Then, most searchingly, ask yourself: "What inhibition, what secret guilt, am *I* hiding behind this gossip habit?"

Feathers to the Wind

MANY YEARS AGO in France, a woman came to her parish priest and confessed to telling untruths about her neighbors. She wanted to make amends.

Instead of preaching a sermon, the priest told her to take a pillow, go up into the church tower, and toss the feathers to the wind. She did so; and when she came back, he asked her to describe what had happened.

"The wind scattered the feathers far and wide," she said.

"Now you must gather up every feather and put it back into the pillow."

"But, Father, that is impossible!" she protested.

"No more impossible," the priest replied sternly, "than for you to track down and destroy every lie you have told about your neighbors."

The irony in the usual situation is the fact that the gossiper seldom realizes that, in every word he utters, he reflects his true inner self. For example, a thrice-divorced woman told me recently, "Young people don't know their own minds these days. Either that, or they have no moral standards. Take Jean, for example. Why, she's been engaged twice in the last two years, and she's still not married."

This process is known to the psychologists as projection. In plain language, it is the age-old folly of the pot calling the kettle black.

The philanderer calls the adulteress immoral. The miser calls the hoarder stingy. The liar calls the prevaricator dishonest. Yet none of these people ever dreams that, by projection, his self-righteousness is announcing to all who know him the truth in the adage: "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

Is there no protection against the irresponsible gossiper? Must we stand silently by while some sensation-seeker pollutes the mental atmosphere of a whole area? Yes, there *is* something that you and I can do. In fact, I have seen it done—in my own living room.

We were entertaining several professional men. Two were executives whose daily work involved the personnel, and often the personal, problems of several hundred people. The youngest man was new to the field. Having never met the older administrator before, he was anxious to impress him.

"Tell me, sir," he said in confidential tones, "just what would you do in a situation like this? Here is a young man, a brilliant chap, Ph.D. from Harvard and all that, but he just can't get along with people! Sensitive sort, always carrying a chip on his shoulder. I understand he has trouble with his wife, too. You may know him, sir. His name—"

"Stop!" commanded the older man. "Don't mention that name!"

"But I didn't mean—" the younger man fumbled for words. Then, regaining his composure, he continued. "I was just describing the case, sir. I've tried the fellow in three different situations and he's bungled all of them. Why, the last time I even warned the people he would work with that he was peculiar. Tell me, sir, what would *you* do in a situation like this?"

Silently the older man looked the younger up and down. Then he spoke very deliberately. "There is just one thing *I* would do. *I would keep my mouth shut!*"

This story carries a potent lesson to all of you who read this page. As a counselor concerned with the appalling spiritual, mental and even physical damage caused by loose talk each day, I challenge you to put to work the one sound and sure gossip preventer:

I will keep my mouth shut!

Help Wanted!

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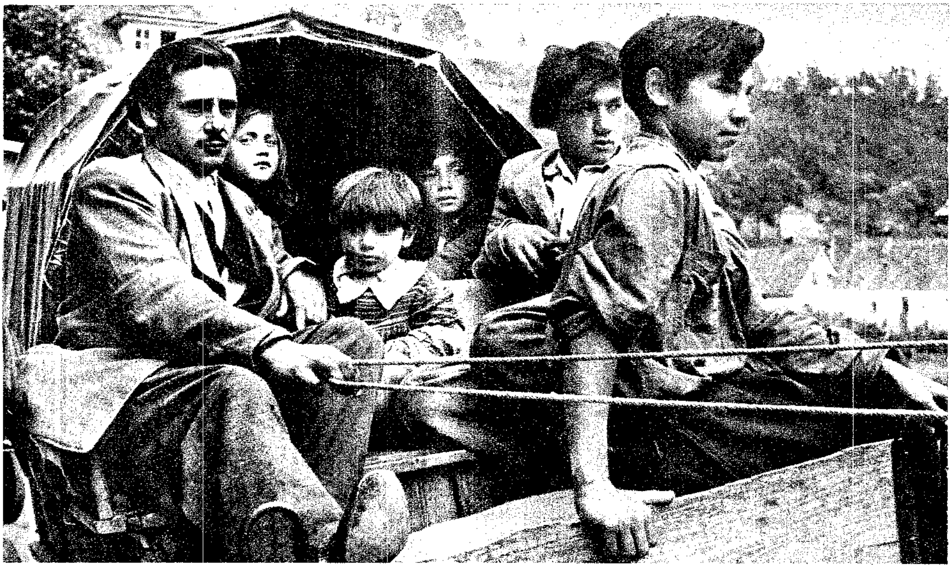
caravan of Mystery

THEY ARE A STRANGE and mysterious people, the Gypsies. Often we see them on the highway—dark-eyed pilgrims of restlessness—but who among us really knows them? They are like the swallows, coming and going as the wind. They laugh and sing and dance and make passionate music. The civilized world calls them shiftless, and berates them for scorning an honest day's work. But the Gypsies answer



LARGE FAMILIES NEVER SEEM TO HINDER GYPSIES IN THEIR WANDERINGS ACROSS THE WORLD

that there is more real joy and laughter in a cluster of ragged Romany tents than in a whole city of steel and concrete.

The very name we call them by has a strange faraway sound—"Gypsies." And yet they are by no means faraway. For centuries they have lived close beside us—in America, Europe, South America, Asia—everywhere. But if they are with us, they are not of us. They speak their own language, ignore our ways, wink at our laws. They beguile us with music, deceive us with tricks, then melt away into the night. They are a puzzle and a delight—a combination of the impossible and the exhilarating.

They live by rote and by faith, and by a tradition that is a part of their blood. They go about among us, untouched by our ways but reading our secrets, knowing more about us sometimes than we do ourselves. The essayist, Arthur Symonds, once called them "our only link with mystery and with magic."

After centuries of study, the world still does not know for sure who they are or where they came from. To ask them is useless: they shrug off the question. For, strangely enough, the Gypsies are an even greater mystery to themselves than they are to us. Their legends and their veiled unconscious memories tell us very little. The best clue is their own Romany language, one of the links they have preserved with the past. It suggests that long ago they came from India, but whether they originated there, or were merely nomads passing through, no one knows. Nor can anyone tell when they began their wanderings, or why.

What *is* known is that, all at

THE COLORFUL RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS OF THESE NOMADS REMAIN UNCHANGED AFTER 500 YEARS

once, they appeared in Europe in the 15th century, looking and behaving much as they do now, speaking a weird tongue and spreading excitement everywhere. To questioners they told a fantastic tale of having come from a mysterious Never-Never Land called "Lower Egypt." Now they were embarked, they said, on a seven-year pilgrimage to holy places.

It was a tale suited to the times, for the fashion in those days was to respect pilgrims and treat them well. When hospitable doors opened, the Gypsies marched in, enjoyed their fill, and next morning they took to the open road again, singing and dancing.

Thus it all began 500 years ago, and so it has continued down to the present. Gypsies are still on their everlasting pilgrimage, still the strangers in our midst. They have been offered homes, but they prefer to pitch their tents in the open spaces. They have been maligned and punished: they have been massacred and hunted with hound and horn. Even tyrants, from medieval times to Hitler, have tried to suppress them. But they are still here, unchanged and unchanging, and proudly different.

What is the secret of the Gypsies' happiness? What do they possess that others lack? Certainly they set no store by the things most people want — security, homes, wealth, prestige, power.

"Worldly goods that you possess, own and destroy you," they say. "Love must be like the blowing wind, fresh and invigorating. Capture the wind between walls and it becomes stale. Open tents, open hearts. Let the wind blow . . ."

So runs one of their songs, and

THE SCHOOLING OF GYPSY CHILDREN OFTEN ENDS WHEN THEY LEARN TO SING AND DANCE

the sentiment is borne out by many authenticated cases of Gypsies who, having gained the world—mostly through musical ability—foreswore it in order to take up once more the simple, roving life of their people. Here, perhaps, lies a clue to the Gypsy secret, for what the returning prodigals sought was happiness. But what kind of happiness—and how did they find it?

First of all, the Gypsy believes himself to be the only really free and independent man left on this earth. The rest of the world, in his eyes, has become ensnared in its

A GYPSY DANCE SYMBOLIZES THE WILD FREEDOM THEY HAVE KNOWN FOR FIVE CENTURIES

own laws and rules; but the only law he respects is the tribal law, and the only loyalty he professes is to his own kind. In a sense, he is an enemy of restraint, and, seen in this light, even his cheating becomes an affirmation of independence. Parliaments, governments, wars between nations—these aspects of civilization merely deepen the Gypsy's conviction that his is the only happy way of life. His motto might be: "Live for the day, and let each day be a gay one."

This creed makes it easy for us to believe that the Gypsies are an

Versed in countless skills of soothsaying, Gypsy women are family breadwinners.

Though skilled in certain trades, Gypsy men are aristocrats; they seldom work.

idle, good-for-nothing lot. Actually, there are few harder workers than Gypsy women. Not only do they look after big families, but by peddling, fortunetelling, singing, dancing, and so on, they make themselves dependable breadwinners. Gypsy children also work from the age of four upward, foraging for food and doing household chores. The men have notable skills as smiths, tinkers, and musicians, which they exercise whenever the occasion dictates. And their family lives, judged by present-day standards, are models of virtue.

Under Gypsy law, marital infidelity ranks as a grave crime, punishable by banishment or, sometimes, death. "A true-bred Romany man and woman," declares Petulengro, one of the few members of his race to become a writer, "mingle their blood in the marriage ceremony. For them there is no divorce. They do not need it; they work too hard ever to be dissatisfied with each other; they have no subtle mental problems to bring into their married lives."

Since marriage with them is a serious, long-term business—preceded by heated bargaining among parents and long deliberations by the chief, whose consent must be obtained—open courtship among the young is definitely discouraged. Amorous Gypsy lads and maidens therefore are forced to convey their sentiments through stolen trysts, love potions, and the language of burning glances. Sometimes an

Gypsy women rarely marry "outsiders." The penalty is expulsion from the tribe.

Even in old age, there is still vigor and clear-sightedness among the wanderers.

over-ardent swain will accelerate things by the time-honored expedient of bride-stealing—which simply means that he shanghaies his intended, quelling any recalcitrance on her part by force.

Whole tribes have been set at loggerheads by such incidents, the relatives of both protagonists vilifying each other and, not infrequently, coming to blows. Upon return home, the errant couple is greeted with a great hullabaloo and, as a rule, is roundly slapped in the face by the parents, who resent being done out of the pleasure of bargaining. But there is not much the objectors can do to remedy the situation, so they usually wind up by staging a belated celebration.

And what communal life does for

Pampered and nurtured in their earliest years, children begin working at four.

THE EXOTIC BEAUTY OF GYPSIES INSPIRES MEN. ONE VOWED TO COME TO HIS BELOVED ONLY WHEN HE COULD COVER HER WITH GOLD. HE RETURNED 50 YEARS LATER—TO BURY HER IN THE GOLD COFFIN HE HAD BROUGHT WITH HIM.

NO OCCASION—EVEN A FUNERAL—IS TOO SOLEMN FOR THE HAUNTING MUSIC OF GYPSY VIOLINS

their customs, the great outdoors does for their bodies. They sicken quickly when they let themselves be seduced by civilization, but they are tough and resilient folk under the wide-open sky.

Empress Catherine of Russia is supposed to have punished an insolent Gypsy by ordering him to be stripped and tied to a fully clothed soldier, both of whom were then placed outdoors for the whole of an icy winter's night. Next morning the naked Gypsy was discovered snoring away peacefully beside his fur-clad companion, who had frozen to death during the night.

Gypsies travel for the sake of travel. In a way, they are the butterflies of the human race, flitting from place to place, leaving behind them memories of color and music and, sometimes, mischief.

Poets have tried to capture this Gypsy spirit. In every language they have told of the roving life, aflame with melody and rhythm and dedicated to the pursuit of joy. The painters, for their part, have caught the blaze of Gypsy brocades and swirling skirts, the insinuating motion of their dances.

But the Romanies themselves have best expressed their exuberance in the universal language of music. There is no music like Gypsy music. It captivated Brahms, Liszt, Dvořak, Strauss, and others of the great masters. It is the music of melancholy, of seduction, of riotous abandon. In the crooning or the wailing of the violin, the

Gypsies usually marry young, and the bridegroom's father provides the dowry.

The animal kingdom often has deeply religious connotations for young and old.

Gypsy soul finds its freest utterance.

In old-time Russia, the Gypsies sang so gloriously that men came from far and wide to do them homage, and gave them princely homes. Their walls were hung with glittering decorations, their beds and tables with costly silks and damasks. Once, so the story goes, the lover of one of these Gypsy singers took an oath not to return to her home till he had accumulated enough gold to cover his beloved's body from head to toe. He returned 50 years later, the day she died, and buried her in the gold coffin he had brought with him from across the seas.

Now where in all this lies the key to Gypsy happiness? It lies in their companionship and in the roving life—the two are inseparable. Settled people can be happy in solitude, but Gypsies never. Their greatest fear is loneliness, their greatest punishment is banishment from the tribe.

They work, play, rejoice, and grieve together. Music and dancing, their finest arts, are social arts enjoyed in common. And how they enjoy them! All ceremonies—weddings, christenings, even funerals—are occasions for outpourings of melody. At such times, more than any other, they are able to cast aside the last shackles of their separate selves.

Years ago, the story goes, a tribe of Gypsies was being pursued by soldiers. One of the fugitives reminded the chief that this was to have been his wedding day. The chief stared in amazement. "But we may all be dead in a few hours!"

"All the more reason to have

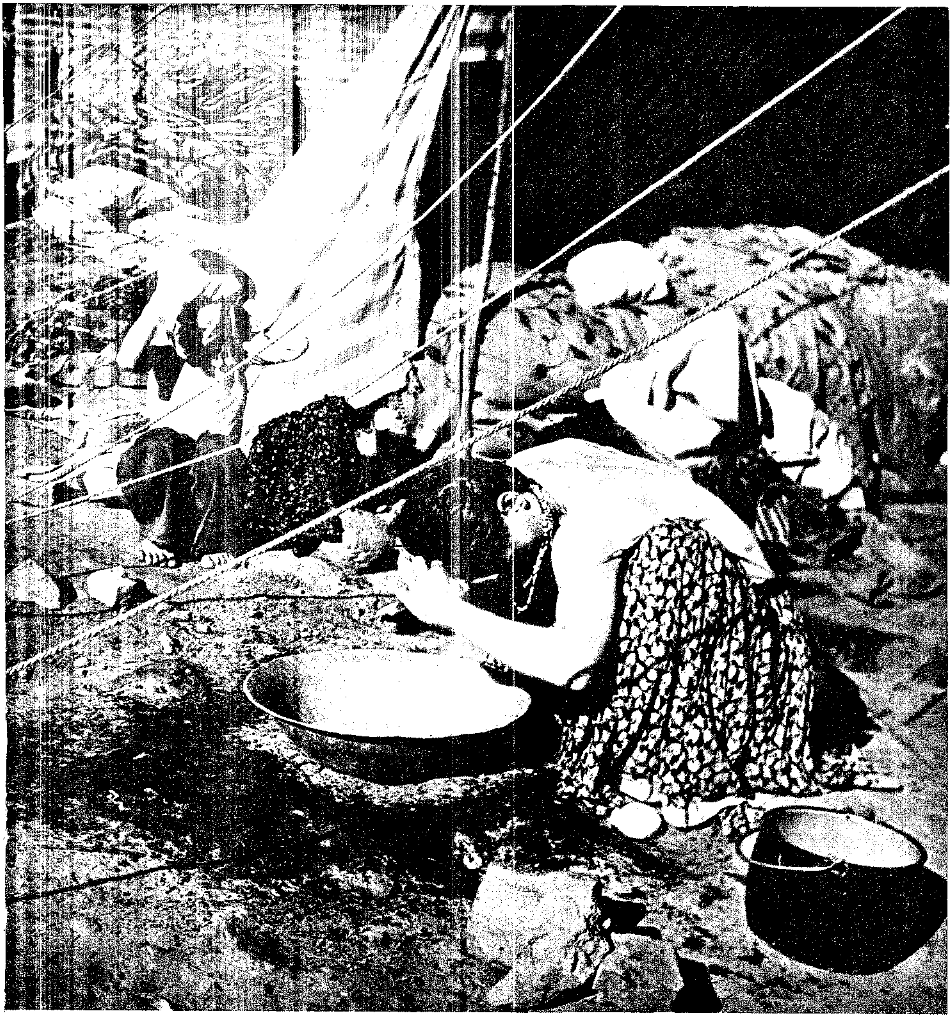
CURIOUS AND AGGRESSIVE, GYPSY CHILDREN DON'T OFTEN FALL PREY TO MODERN INHIBITIONS

OFTEN IN TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE, GYPSIES NOW TAKE THE LAW IN THEIR STRIDE

the wedding now," the young man retorted, and the chief smiled.

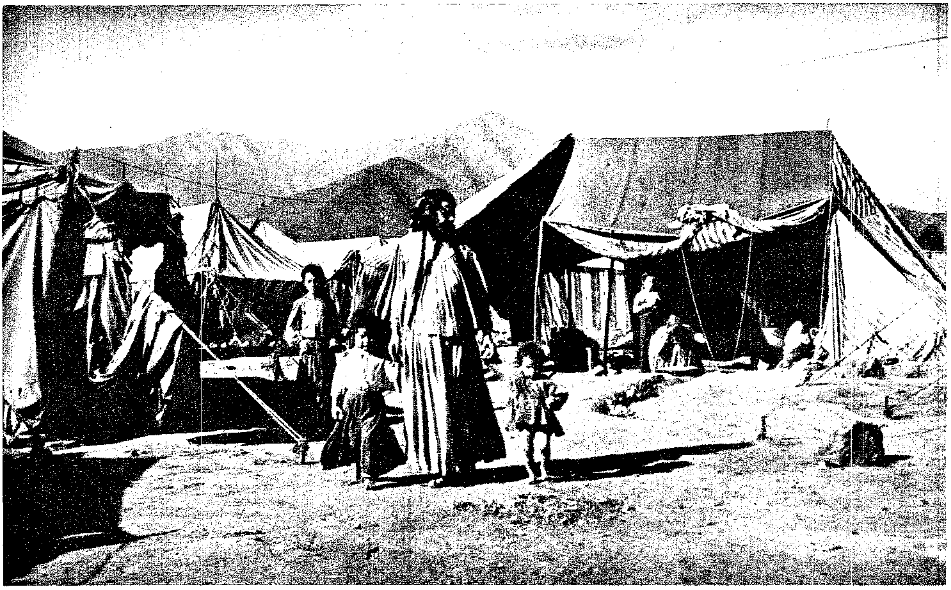
When the soldiers arrived, it was their turn to be amazed. Instead of fleeing for their lives, the Gypsies were dancing and singing, celebrating the wedding. The soldiers lowered their guns, for they could not shoot people as childlike as this.

A moment later, one of them was seized by a Gypsy girl and whirled into the dance, then another and another. Presently they were all dancing—Gypsies and soldiers—and the next thing the soldiers knew, their guns were gone, too . . .



A GYPSY CARAVAN IS A TRAVELING COMMUNITY THAT OFTEN IGNORES THE OUTSIDE WORLD

All manner of people have thrown in their lot with the Gypsies. A prince of Moldavia is said to have become so disgusted with the pettiness of court life that he gave up his throne and took to the road, mending the broken cutlery of peasants. A great violinist, favorite of the nobility, wooed a lady of fashion who asked what he could give her to compensate for all she might lose in marrying him. Eloquently and simply, he pointed to his fiddle, and then, when she hesitated, turned his back on her and her world, and tramped thence-



TENTS ARE PITCHED IN DESERTS AND CITIES. SOMETIMES FORCE WON'T MOVE THEM

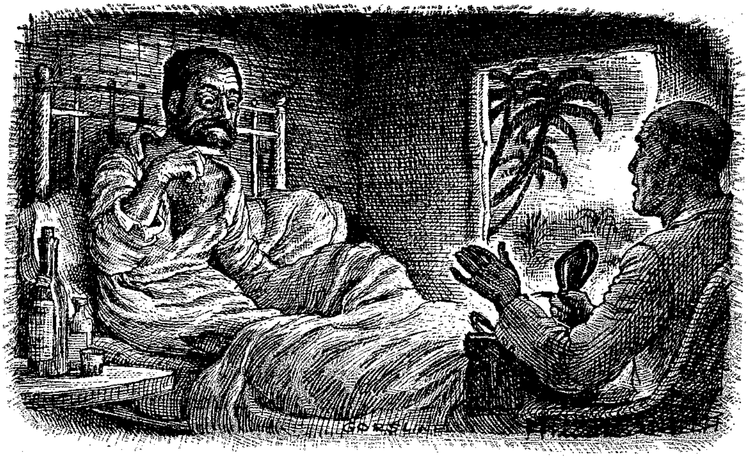
forth from door to door, playing masterpieces in exchange for crusts of bread.

And so, today, the Gypsies still go their way, minstrels and troubadours as were their forefathers before them. Nations may alter their customs, their habits of food and dress, but the Gypsies never change. They remain what they have always been—a group beyond the influence of organized society. They accept no religions, no traditions, no laws from the world outside their caravans. Despite repeated repression, there are more than a million tent-living Gypsies today, still proud and aloof, still bending only before the wind.

Their home is the whole wide expanse of the world, and constant change is the very essence of their being. Movement is to the Gypsies what the settled life is to us. They have no time for vain regrets, for each day brings new situations and impressions which obscure the memories of yesterday. Living and loving, singing and sinning, they have wandered their way through the centuries, forgetting the world and by the world forgot.

Is there a place for them in the Atomic Age which we are now entering? Five hundred years ago, Europe thought that the Gypsies were a vanishing race. More than a century ago, American historians wrote of them in words which, when read today, sound like an epitaph. And yet they are still here, as fierce, as passionate, as freedom-loving as ever.

Perhaps the secret of their eternal quality is simply this: the Gypsies believe only in themselves, not in what we people of the outside world call civilization.



The Man Who Couldn't Come Back

by **DR. W. E. AUGHINBAUGH**

Death alone revealed his grim secret and ended his tragic exile far from home

THE OUT-OF-THE-WAY places of the world are filled with men who can't come back. I have seen them all over the earth, and, since I have attended many of them professionally in their last illness, have learned from their own lips the reasons for their exile—the secrets they were hiding from their fellow men.

At Sidi-bel-Abbès in Algiers, headquarters of the French Foreign Legion, I ran into a lawyer from home who had killed two men—and disappeared. Others I have met in Persia, in the Khyber Pass, in Somaliland, in Jerusalem. And in nearly every instance, a woman has played a leading role in the drama which has left its principal actor stranded on foreign shores.

The one I remember best is White—at least, that is what we called him, but we knew it was not his right name. I was the surgeon of a railway in a Latin-American country, which out of respect to White's memory shall be nameless. The road ran from a typical coast town on the Caribbean into the rich hinterland. The port was a hotbed for beriberi, bubonic plague, and yellow-fever epidemics. The hospital of which I was in charge was situated halfway up the mountain, in order that patients might benefit from the air.

The stationmaster at the port had just died of yellow fever when White walked into the office of the general manager and applied for the vacancy. He was well-built, deeply tanned and heavily bearded. His clothes were travel-worn.

A few questions elicited that he was an experienced railroad man, and though he had no references, he

From *Told at the Explorers Club*. Copyright, 1931, by Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.

was employed, for men were hard to get in this coastal inferno.

The new stationmaster made no friends. The English-speaking engineers and conductors could not fathom him. He was polite but distant; he knew his business and ran the trains on time. And that was all that was expected of him.

His palm-thatched hut was in a coconut grove, close to the beach. Its furniture was meager. An old Indian hag cooked his scanty meals and spread the news that, each night, the *señor* drank rum until he became maudlin and then, alternately talking and crying, went to sleep. But he was always first at the railway yard in the morning.

White never received mail. He never borrowed books or asked for papers from the States, the one thing that outcast men crave. Once each month he would give the chief engineer of a ship that came from New York a letter to post. What he did with his money, no one knew. What he thought, no one cared.

In the sixth year of his service, he sprained his ankle. I came down the mountain to treat him and was conscious that my ministrations were appreciated. Although he was taciturn, it was apparent that he had had a thorough education. I recall him quoting Omar Khayyam, Thanatopsis, Virgil, and Confucius.

Twice a week after his recovery, he would send me a live fish in the water tank of the engine, for we had no ice, and once in a while a large lobster. These were the nearest approaches to friendship he made toward anyone.

One day a case of plague was discovered at the port. Before the week had ended, there were 300 new victims, and the "Angel of the Darker Drink" was gathering a rich harvest each day.

The engineer of one of the "up-trains" sent me a note saying that White's old Indian servant had told him that her *señor* was complaining, and asked that I be notified. I had the operator telegraph White, and received a reassuring reply. The evening train brought up a large lobster, as proof of White's ability to be around.

Next day, however, he did not report for duty. About midnight, the general manager ordered me to the port, where the stationmaster was now in a precarious condition from the plague.

It was apparent that medicine could do nothing for him. I told him of the seriousness of his condition, and that death was usually preceded by a coma.

"Have you any message you would like to send?" I asked. "Do you wish to make a will?"

Telling me where to get paper and pen, he dictated his last testament, leaving his money to a daughter, whom he named and whose address he supplied. After signing the document, he said:

"Doc, my name is not White. It is, as you see, ———. I was the manager of (and here he named a famous Latin-American railroad). I was graduated from Cornell, married a beautiful girl from my home town and took her to live in a bungalow facing the sea. Our happiness was ideal. A girl was born, to whom I have left everything.

"My assistant was a half-caste Jamaican. He was lithe and handsome, and strummed a guitar as he sang romantic songs of Spain. It was the old story. The spell of the tropics came over my wife. If a woman is to go wrong and a hundred men are to know it, her husband's number is one hundred and one. When I came home one day, the mother of my baby was gone. So was the Jamaican.

"I took our baby home and left her with my sister. Then I came back to locate my wife and the man who had taken her from me. I knew I'd find them with some railway in these lands, and so I wandered for four years from road to road.

"At last, in the mountains of Peru, I found them. In the dead of night, I entered their home. Sleep was heavy on their eyes as they lay together, and, by God, I killed them both!"

I can never forget his tense emotion as he raised himself and, with shaking hand, drew an imaginary dagger across his throat.

After a pause, he resumed. "I escaped from the scene and walked and walked, a haunted man, through the backwoods of Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Colombia for nearly six years, until I found myself here and secured the position I now hold. Every month I send a draft to my little daughter.

"She has now grown to early womanhood. I have not seen her and don't want to, for she is a replica, I am told, of her mother. She does not know that I live. That is why I have kept away from my fellow men. That is why each night I sought forgetfulness in drink.

"I have but one favor to ask—promise never to tell my family name to anyone."

When the sun rose, its rays rested on the quiet form of White—peaceful in death. And I, the only one to whom he had confided his secret, buried him and kept my promise.

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New Miracles with Light

by REED MILLARD

Science is upsetting nature with its experiments on animals, plants, and germs

WHAT MYSTERIOUS FORCE in nature tells animals when to mate? Why do they bear their young at exactly the season that gives them the best chance for survival?

In its search for an explanation of this baffling enigma, science has found a startling answer. Nature signals animals—not with some strange vibration, not with seasonal temperature changes, but by using the hurtling packets of energy that we call light.

Research has carried scientists far beyond this discovery, and shown them other hidden powers in the streams of radiance from the sun, and even from the commonplace electric lamp. Not only does light set in motion the sex impulses of certain animals; it also has unexpected effects on plants and other living organisms. For some, by a strange paradox, it means life and growth; for others, death.

The center of research on the effects of light on the mating habits of animals is a fabulous laboratory at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. There Dr. T. Hume Bissonette has turned June into January and produced weird and unexpected variations in the behavior of animals.

Some of Bissonette's experiments have produced startling results. Selecting a number of pheasants, he placed some in cages where lights were kept on at night. Other control birds were caged under normal winter-lighting conditions. Those in the artificially lighted cages promptly mated and started laying eggs on January 15 instead of waiting until April.

Dr. Bissonette's electric lights had

completely changed the pattern established by thousands of years of natural development.

When he experimented on weasels to learn what caused white winter pelts, the outcome was equally fantastic. This time he reversed the process and cut down on the amount of light received by a group of weasels in the spring and summer, trying to duplicate the conditions of shortening days encountered in the fall. Sure enough, he discovered that his test animals were shedding their summer pelts and growing winter ones!

Dr. Bissonette's discoveries about the effects of light on animals have important commercial possibilities. Fine furs may be produced at lower prices because breeders will be able to speed up the whole process of fur raising.

Farmers have discovered that light can also be used to hasten animal growth. Hog raisers, for instance, turn on batteries of floodlights from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M. As a result, their hogs spend these four hours eating instead of sleeping, gain weight faster, and are ready for market weeks sooner.

THIS IS A HUNGRY WORLD. Millions of people do not get enough to eat, yet each day the population increases by 97,000 and the need for food becomes more desperate.

That is why science is working overtime to solve one of the really baffling mysteries of nature—photosynthesis. This is the fantastic process by which plants take chemicals from earth and air and turn them into living, organic material—into the plant food we eat. Science knows that whatever may be the secret of photosynthesis, it requires light, but not necessarily light from the sun.

At the Plant Introduction Garden of the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Glen Dale, Maryland, scientists are raising plants in an amazing greenhouse. To make them grow, the scientists place ordinary 40-watt fluorescent lamps about a foot above the seedbeds.

At Purdue University, Dr. Robert Withrow and his wife, leading experimenters in the effects of light on plant growth, set out to discover just how much light it took for growth of plants in the flowering stage. On some plants at night they trained bright lights that delivered 100 foot-candles of illumination to the plants' surface. On others, they used as little as one foot-candle. As the experiment developed, their astonishment grew. The plants that had received only one foot-candle of light at night after a day of sunlight had grown nearly as fast as those which had been subjected to 100 times as much illumination.

Agriculturists foresee giant plant-factories using chemicals instead of soil, and batteries of electric lights instead of sunlight. In a few square feet of factory space would be produced as much food as is now grown in an acre of ground, eliminating transportation problems and making mankind virtually independent of crop failures.

A hint of even greater light miracles comes from the Division of Plant Biology of the Carnegie Institution of Washington at Stanford, California, where Dr. H. A. Spoehr has obtained some astonishing results in experiments with a tiny fresh-water plant called chlorella. Ordinarily, chlorella is not much of a plant from the standpoint of providing possible human nourishment. It has a fat content of about ten per cent. But by controlling the amount of light and other factors in its environment, Dr. Spoehr made it change its whole composition and come out with a fat content of 85 per cent.

Science ventured into a fantastic new realm of light when the late Dr. Harvey Rentschler of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation became intrigued by the fact that something in sunlight kills germs. Could he find what it was and duplicate it with electric lamps?

Dr. Rentschler knew that certain mercury lamps produced copious ultraviolet radiations. But in addition to being costly, these lamps generated too much heat or produced too much ozone. So, first, the scientists constructed one lamp after another until finally they devised a new type which acted as a potent germicidal agent. Then began a series of experiments which lasted more than ten years before researchers were convinced that the new lamp could destroy all types of bacteria, mold, and yeast.

The food industry has found countless uses for this light-that-kills-germs. It has helped the meat industry, for instance, to prevent spoilage without loss of weight, by bathing refrigeration rooms in the germ-killing rays.

In a hatchery at Ottumwa, Iowa, scientists selected two brooder houses, installed germicidal lamps in one and not in the other, and quickly discovered that the mortality rate of chickens in the irradiated brooder was 68 per cent less than that in the one without the lamps.

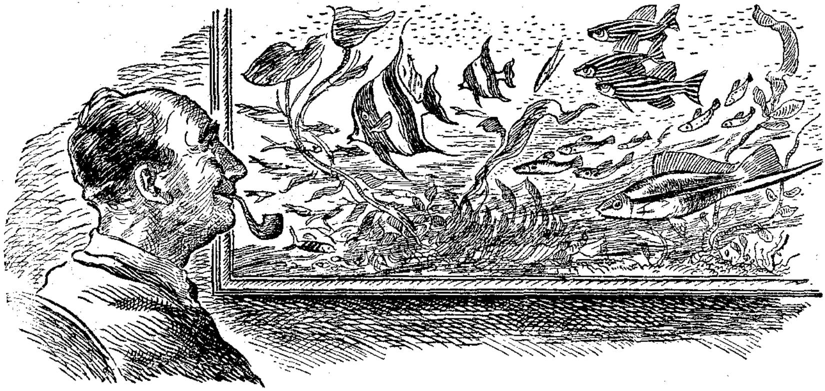
What germicidal lamps can mean to public health was dramatically demonstrated at the Elm Street School in Plattsburgh, New York. Four of the germ-killing lamps were installed in the third-grade room and none in the second-grade room immediately adjoining. The results were startling: the second-grade children lost three times as many days of schoolwork because of respiratory illnesses. In a Kansas City school, the rate of absenteeism was cut 50 per cent the first year the lamps were tried.

These magic lamps bathe operating rooms of hospitals and guard nurseries where newborn babies get their start in life. They are now available for the home and, before long, the day may come when light's greatest triumph will be ridding the world of harmful germs.

Right Question— Wrong Answer

"Mother, what is a trousseau?" inquired a puzzled six-year-old girl. The mother looked across the room at her husband hiding behind his paper, and said, "A trousseau is the clothes the bride wears for six or seven years after she is married."

—*Wall Street Journal*



Their Business: FINNY and RAINBOWED

by Andrew Hamilton

The big boom in tropical fish offers you a profitable and fascinating hobby

A NEW YORK SALESMAN recently had the urge to raise tropical fish in his apartment. He was fascinated by the tiny iridescent Guppies, the golden lacy-finned Butterfly Fish, and the luminous red and blue Bettas, miniature marine "fighting cocks."

His wife, however, took a dim view of the idea, particularly when he proposed keeping a jar of white worms in the icebox as fish food.

Leonard Berkitz of the Aquarium Stock Company suggested a compromise: "Try it out for six weeks. If your wife still objects, I'll refund your money."

Berkitz was on safe ground. He and his father, Bernhard Berkitz, had built the Aquarium Stock Company into the world's largest retail tropical-fish and aquarium supply business—with stores in New York and Los Angeles selling about 1,000,000 piscatorial pets in the past 40 years.

He knew that a home aquarium makes every man his own marine explorer. A little watery world where nature's most lavishly colored creatures enact the drama of birth, mating and death, appeals to young and old, rich and poor, male and—this was what Berkitz was counting on—female.

In a few weeks the salesman had won his wife over. "What's more," he told Berkitz, "she's giving me a white-worm separator for my birthday—one of those gadgets that make them crawl out of the earth."

The aquarium hobby has an estimated 10,000,000 American fans, who spend $50,000,000 annually for equipment and fish. These enthusiasts range from one-goldfish-on-the-piano duffers to near-professionals with aerated, neon-lighted tanks and peacock-hued specimens worth up to $25,000.

What causes people to take up such a hobby? A Washington, D. C., newspaperman told Berkitz:

"Besides being easy on the eyes, tropical fish are easy to take care of. They don't track mud into the house, they don't spill birdseed on the rug, and they don't meow for milk every night."

An Atlanta war veteran pointed out: "There's money to be made in breeding tropical fish. You can earn a profit from an interesting part-time hobby."

But perhaps the strongest motive is the aesthetic one. People like attractively shaped bowls filled with bright, glowing bits of animal and plant life for the same reason they enjoy beautiful draperies, handsome furniture, and eye-pleasing pictures.

THE AQUARIUM STOCK COMPANY got its start through a colossal public misunderstanding. It was founded in 1910 by Bernhard Berkitz in an upstairs loft on Greenwich Street, New York, to supply leeches and drug sundries to physicians. But the public was misled by the word "Aquarium."

"Dad got tired of saying, 'But lady, you don't understand . . .' " explains the younger Berkitz. "So he put in a few goldfish, bowls, and some fish food."

As a youth, Leonard went to Germany to study tropical-fish handling and breeding under experts in Hamburg and Bremen. Ten years ago, when the elder Berkitz retired, Leonard took charge. Today, he and Louis A. Dalwin, formerly manager of the New York store, run the business.

Among their customers have been a Forest Service man who bought an aquarium for companionship during the summer when he occupied a lonely lookout tower in the High Sierras; the skipper of a round-the-world liner who kept tropical fish on the bridge of his ship; and a proper Bostonian matron who bought a pair of blue-bodied, yellow-finned Cichlids as "companions" for her pet cat.

Getting started in the hobby today is simple. The catalogue of the Aquarium Stock Company, for example, lists more than 700 items of interest to the fish-fancier. And shipment can be made to any part of the world.

The company purchases its stock from a score of breeders in the U. S., as well as from individual collectors who net the streams and lakes of Europe, Africa, South America, the Orient, and Australia for rare species.

"The breeders—most of whom are in the Southern states—raise the 100 or more species of tropical fish that are sold by retail dealers at from nine cents to $2.50 apiece," says Berkitz.

"The real heroes, however, are those collectors who brave jungle, swamp, mountain, and desert for unusual species, never turning back when they're on the trail of a little fish worth its weight in gold."

One of the "bring-'em-back alive" collectors is Fred Cochu, a German-American who searches the world for gaily colored or bizarrely patterned little fish. His happiest hunting ground is the 2,722,000-square-mile Amazon Basin, where he is licensed by the Brazilian government to cast his nets. Several times a year he boards his specially equipped "flying aquarium" and takes off for the Amazon to pick up a load of 50,000 or so fish. Such a cargo may be worth $25,000.

The Aquarium Stock Company in years past has paid some eye-popping prices for rare species—$60 for a pair of Angel Fish, $100 for two man-eating Piranhas, and $150 for a pair of Discus Fish. But today many species are bred in quantity and prices are within the reach of everyone.

HOW DO YOU GET STARTED in the hobby? Berkitz says, "The answer you'll get from most fish fanciers is: 'It all started with a couple of Guppies.' "

He cites the case of a breeder in Mississippi who was given a pair of Guppies while visiting a friend in Florida. By the time he reached home, the two had become 49 and he was started on his career.

The first step, says Berkitz, is to talk to a dealer or a friend who has some fish. Then read up on the subject, starting with a 25-cent pamphlet, *Your Aquarium*, by William T. Innes of Philadelphia, one of America's best-known experts. Later you may consult *Exotic Aquarium Fishes*, also by Innes, and *Tropical Fishes and Home Aquaria*, by Alfred Morgan. The next step is to get a *small* aquarium and a *few* fish.

The New York salesman who quarreled with his wife is an example of a hobbyist who started right. He bought an eight-gallon aquarium, 9 by 18 inches and 12 inches deep, for $5.95; fifty cents' worth of white gravel; and $1 worth of water plants.

The following collection of fish, a pair of each, cost $4.75: Trinidad Guppies, Blood Red Platies, Jet Black Mollies, Gold Crescent Platies, and Swordtails.

Thus, for approximately $12, he established a home aquarium. The only expense from then on would be a few cents a month for fish food.

But an ardent aquarist seldom stops at this point. He may add two or three more tanks—or 20 or 30 more if he is seriously bitten. He may also go in for mechanical gadgets: a thermostat and heater to keep the water at constant temperature, a filter and pump to keep it from becoming stagnant.

Every aquarist likes to have some odd or unusual specimens, such as the Leaf Fish, which appears to drift through the water rather than swim; the Weatherfish, a species that senses coming storms and, when the barometer drops, rushes about the aquarium in a frenzy; and the *Anableps*, the "four-eyed" fish, which really has only two eyes, divided so that the lower part is used for seeing in water, the upper part for seeing in air.

Unlike many pets, tropical fish require only minimum care. They can go without food, for example, for a week or ten days without noticeable effects. One St. Louis family, going off on a month's vacation last summer, converted the bathtub into an aquarium by putting sand and plants into it. When they returned, the fish were as healthy as ever.

Most fish, says Berkitz, will grow and thrive if you follow four essential rules for care: (1) don't overcrowd them; (2) see that they get the proper amount of light; (3) keep the water at the correct temperature—65 to 69 degrees for goldfish, 70 to 80 degrees for tropical varieties; (4) don't overfeed and kill with kindness.

For many years, the Genetics Laboratory of the Aquarium of the New York Zoological Society has used tropical fish for cancer experiments. Both Dr. Myron Gordon of the New York Zoological Society and Dr. Albert Bellamy of the University of California have used Platies and Swordtails in a long series of experiments on heredity.

Schools frequently order aquariums for science classes, where the rudiments of biology are taught. Hospitals place aquariums at the side of bedridden patients because of their therapeutic value.

One instance is that of the New York jeweler who contracted a case of near-blindness. After a specialist had performed a delicate brain operation, he ordered an aquarium with a pair of striped Zebra Fish to be placed at the patient's bedside.

"When the bandages are removed," he said, "watch the little fish as much as possible. The exercise will help the eye muscles."

The jeweler recovered his eyesight completely.

Like enthusiasts who collect wild flowers, explore caves, or shoot muzzle-loading rifles, fish hobbyists form societies to further their interests. At present there are an estimated 200 or more aquarium societies in the U. S., and the number is growing.

Aside from their social aspects, these organizations have embarked upon some commendable projects. One of the most unusual is the "Anti-Aquarium-Tapping" crusade of Juan F. Echeverria of the San Francisco Aquarium Society.

His pet peeve has long been those individuals who rap on the sides of aquariums to attract the attention of the fish. Echeverria put 50 Dwarf Gouramis in one tank, 50 others in a second tank. The first tank was tapped several times daily, the second tank was left undisturbed.

Echeverria found that, after six months, the fish in the first tank showed signs of intense nervousness while those in the second tank were "fat, sleek, and unworried." At the end of a year, all the fish in the tapped tank were dead, while 47 in the other survived.

"If you want to know how a fish feels when a tank is tapped," says Echeverria, "put your head under water in the bathtub and hit the sides with a hammer!"

Last Warning

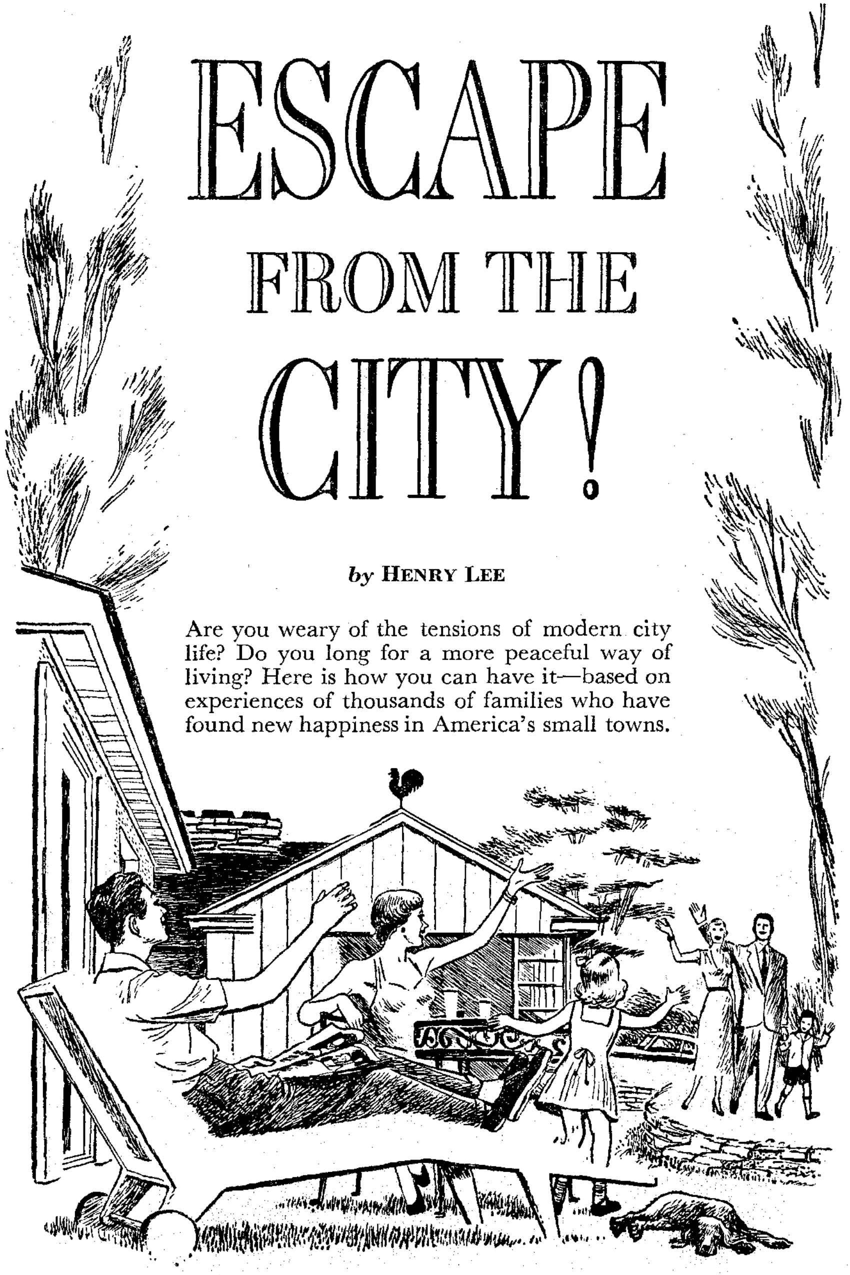
"I'M WARNING YOU, William!" the wealthy suburbanite told his gardener sternly. "Your behavior is becoming impertinent. You wear my shirts. You use my car. Last night you even went out with my wife. Now I'm warning you—one of these days you'll go too far!"

—S. Ullman

ESCAPE FROM THE CITY!

by **HENRY LEE**

Are you weary of the tensions of modern city life? Do you long for a more peaceful way of living? Here is how you can have it—based on experiences of thousands of families who have found new happiness in America's small towns.



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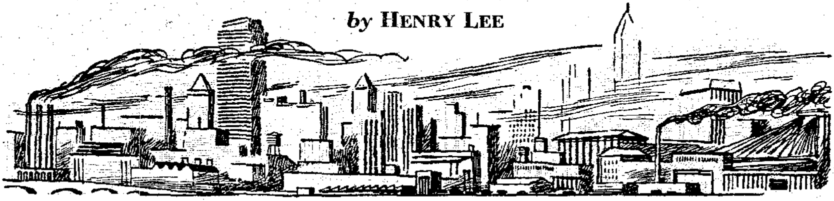


VERY QUIETLY, a revolutionary trend in American living is now under way all over the country. For the first time in more than three-quarters of a century, the stampede to the cities has been slowed and, by the thousands, Americans are turning *back*—back toward the simpler and more secure advantages that only the small town can offer.

To the jaded city dweller, these advantages have an almost-antique ring—relaxation and fresh air, shoe-scuffling room for the children, a place to park the family car. Green things grow in the spring, and there is clean white snow, instead of sooty slush, all winter. The dawn comes unhurried and the purple of twilight is not obscured by rush hours, smog, and electric lights.

There is the God-given chance to put your roots down, not only economically but also spiritually; to walk to church with your neighbor; to make simple, life-lasting friendships that ride out grief and joy alike; to build a *home* and not a house. Life moves slowly enough so that you can see and savor it as it passes by. Local government is comprehensible, and homely communal activities are not too slickly streamlined for your participation. In its over-all atmosphere, you find that the small town judges and appreciates you as an *individual.*

Go to Weston, Vermont, and you will see how David Seeley, with the help of his wife, Anne, has found peace and moderate prosperity in a little town by learning to weave neckties, bedspreads, and blankets. Anne and David started on a $2,500 shoestring and a local bank loan after he had been given an Army medical discharge.

Or journey to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, an Ozark resort town, and ask about the proprietors of "Hilltop Cottage," which serves such excellent lunches and dinners. Three La Salle Street secretaries from Chicago quit their jobs and entrained for Eureka Springs, where one of them had previously vacationed. They took over some property and turned it into a tearoom.

Les Biederman, a radio engineer, tired of Philadelphia, where he had been born and had worked most of his life. Like so many others from Boston to Los Angeles, he felt he *had* to get away. Using a radio map of the country's stations, he decided on Michigan, in the neighborhood of Traverse City, as the place with a potentially prosperous gap in the air lanes. A spot-check trip to Traverse City convinced him that his hunch was right.

No matter what the pessimists may say, a man can still pull up stakes these days and successfully start all over again in strange territory. Biederman did it.

With some outside financial help, he founded his first station; today he has a network of five stations known as Midwestern Broadcasting. More affectionately, the company is known to Biederman's small-town listeners as "The Paul Bunyan Network."

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, a survey made by CORONET discloses, people *are* turning back and finding both happiness and good living in the little places. In turn, our 13,000 to 14,000 small towns have reacted to the stimulus with offers of jobs and homes.

The small towns, because of a number of sociological and industrial factors, are riding a crest right now. Besides the spreading distaste for sardine living, there are more hard-headed incentives, such as factory dispersal in fear of A-bomb attacks, lower taxes, and the personnel discovery that skilled labor can be found in places other than major centers of population.

Last year, private utility firms and the Rural Electrification Administration brought their magic wire of power and culture to 579,000 *more* farms, the biggest year's increase in the history of the utility industry. Since almost all small towns are the service center for a large hinterland, that increase spells more jobs. Even more impressive, consider this one statistic: since the last year of the war, the value of goods made in our small towns has been spurting at the rate of about four *billion* dollars yearly!

The small places need *more* people, *more* college-trained talents, *more* doctors and dentists, lawyers, mechanics, and businessmen. And, it is heart-warming to report, they are getting them. There has been a marriage of good, individualistic people, and good, expanding small towns, and the honeymoon is on right now.

As one place out of the dozens covered by the CORONET survey, let me tell you about a little Colorado town of 4,500 with a strangely misleading name. Las Animas (*City of Lost Souls*) is far from that. It is a sunny community buttressed by irrigation farming, by a 4,000-foot altitude that is heaven-sent for pulmonary sufferers, by a nearby VA hospital (yearly pay roll $1,500,000).

What more could they ask? Well, being very much on the make, as were Boston, New York, and San Francisco when they were young and small, Las Animas wants to grow. Just in the past year, 12 new business houses and several new tracts of homes have been built, plus a new county hospital. A new $300,000 school is near completion.

Along with the physical facilities, life is expanding, too. Just recently, after long medical training in Chicago and Denver, plus two years as an Army surgeon, young Dr. L. R. Sanford wanted to set up a civilian practice. But what do the big cities offer unless you buy your practice?

In Las Animas, Dr. Sanford found, the people welcomed him eagerly, and veteran Dr. S. V.

The Biggest Decision of Your Life

YOUR PERSONAL DECISION on Big Town *vs.* Small Town may well be the most important of your career, for it will affect the happiness of your children and perhaps their children. In brief, there are three questions to answer: *whether* to go; *where* to go; *what* to do when you get there.

Admittedly, in the city you will probably make more money. But food, rent, recreation, clothes generally cost more there. To raise your family as you want to, can you afford—or even find—the right kind of home and a healthy, happy environment in the cities?

If you decide on small-town life, which *particular* town will you select? Choose the region or the two or three states which most appeal to you and, if possible, visit them on a combined vacation-survey. At any rate, write to the State Chamber of Commerce and Secretary of State for general literature and the names of towns which might need your talents.

The critical question—*what* to do?—divides broadly into farming or business, and either answer is *highly hazardous* for people lacking cash and knowledge. The U. S. Department of Agriculture, the

Hageman was delighted to have a young associate to share his arduous work. Dr. Sanford has struck root in the little town. His wife and family are with him and, he feels, he has hung up his shingle for a lifetime to come.

Or take Mary Eddleman, a bronchitis sufferer. In a year, she has found more fun, success, and good health in Las Animas than she had found the previous quarter of a century in Los Angeles.

Miss Eddleman purchased a 21-room motel in the Colorado town because, as she said, "the people were very nice, and anxious to help a newcomer." Without hesitation, she was accepted in sharing leadership in civic affairs, she became publicity chairman for the Chamber of Commerce, and was elected to the C. of C. board.

"There are many opportunities here for anyone who likes small-town life," says Mary Eddleman emphatically. "Right now, Las Animas needs a veterinary and a bakery. If this is not a Garden of Eden, where can you find one?"

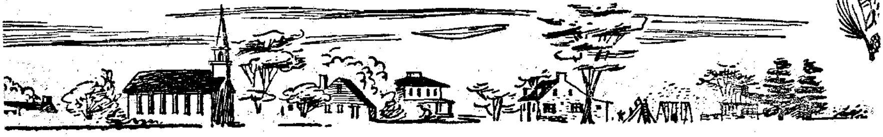
Smile, if you will, at this "booster" spirit, but it *is* enthusiasm and confidence that distinguish the burgeoning small towns from our tired old metropolises. Gone are the sleepy hick towns, the stagnant whistle stops and milk drops, as they once were lampooned in vaudeville. Instead, today, the little places are aggressive and expanding.

Tiny Orwell, Ohio, is a microcosmic example of what the local county agent, farm groups like the Grange, and neighboring farmers will all advise the newcomer about soil, crops, and his over-all chances for success.

In starting a small-town business, the Department of Commerce says you first should study population, family income, retail and wholesale sales, and effective buying income. Work and live in the community for a while before launching into business.

For the retail trade, the average capital investment will run about as follows: building materials, hardware, farm implements, $25,000; automotive (sales and parts), $13,500; general merchandise, $10,000; apparel, $9,500; furniture and house furnishings, $9,300; eating-drinking establishments, $8,500; foods, $8,500; household appliances, $7,400; filling station, $5,700.

All the foregoing is important in helping you to make a wise decision. Yet, in the final analysis, if you *really* have a small-town yearning, you will be most influenced by the nostalgic tug that brings so many Americans home again each year. One day, as you cross a New England green or a Southern courthouse square or a Main Street in the West, you will suddenly say, "I'm *home!* This is where I want to stay until I die."



CORONET survey uncovered all over the country. Five years ago, Orwell had 40 industries and businesses. Today there are 80! Since 1940, population has jumped 50 per cent. Still, Orwell's residents welcome strangers, especially *people with gumption.* And what could be fairer or more challenging?

THROUGH QUESTIONING of federal, state, and local officials, industrial spokesmen, sociologists, service-club and veterans' leaders, and *just plain small-town individuals,* this magazine's survey sought to answer three critical questions:

1. Is there sociological and industrial validity for believing that the present small-town boom can be sustained?

2. Are the towns intelligently taking advantage of their current edge over the big cities, whose facilities are so dangerously strained that they must necessarily be inhospitable to newcomers?

3. Are there *really* feasible opportunities for people who want to rear their families in the decent, healthy, friendly way of the small town?

In all cases, the answer was an unqualified *Yes.* Even more, in the things that touch the heart most deeply and sometimes seem the hardest to obtain—a home of your own and a neighborhood of friends—the little places are superb.

Statistically, the number of dwellings in the New Jersey-New York-Connecticut Metropolitan Region increased more than 400,000 units from 1946 to 1949, but three-quarters of this housing went up in the counties just outside New York City. Desperate city tenants have handed over cash, clothes, even autos to renting agents while they waited for the lackadaisical completion of public-housing programs.

Now journey to Ohio, 11 miles southwest of Lisbon, to Summitville (pop. 150) on route 644, near the Pennsylvania Railroad in Columbiana County. If you want a home, and will *work* for it, there need be no waiting, no bribery. In fact, the townspeople will give you a free lot and free bricks to build with. There is only one reservation. They do not want any floaters or irresponsible citizens.

Best of all, for the young couple just starting out in life, and for those in middle age looking ahead to retirement, it's reassuring to know that in trouble or sorrow, the one-garage town *always* stands by its own. It's such a commonplace that it doesn't make news. Only the big-city newspapers report such things in proud surprise.

In South Huntington, Long Island, shortly before Christmas two years ago, fire left Mr. and Mrs. John DeFato and their four small children without a home, clothing, furniture, presents. Local organizations immediately collected dresses and suits for the children, furniture, and even money. The president of a construction firm visited six home owners, impatiently awaiting completion of their houses. He told them about the DeFatos, and all six waived their priorities. Just *16* days after ground was broken for the foundation, the DeFatos moved into a brand-new home.

What about the civic sagacity of the small town?

When Temple, New Hampshire, holds "Good Roads Day" in late summer each year, everybody turns out. Young and old, the men work with shovel and pickax to repair streets not scheduled for township repair. At the Town Hall, housewives meanwhile are preparing New England dinners and gallons of coffee. At noon, the men knock off for a community meal—and then back to work again.

Stick a pin in the map of any state, and you will find some such cooperative endeavor. Take Bountiful, Utah, for example, and its hard-riding Jeep Patrol.

Day or night, 30 businessmen bounce cross-country in their red-and-cream jeeps to rescue marooned hunters, snow-lost tourists, homesteaders imperiled by forest fires. Members draw no pay and, in fact, aren't even reimbursed for gasoline.

"Our type of fellow isn't interested in making money," explains Commander Merk Christensen. "Most of the boys get a real kick out of just being helpful."

Of course, you don't have to participate as strenuously as the Jeep Patrol does in small-town endeavors. But if you can hammer, saw or paint, your welcome will be all the warmer.

Not long ago, Canterbury, Connecticut, decided to replace six old one-room schools with a modern building. The only bid was for $158,000. "Outrageous!" the town said. "We'll do it ourselves."

Turning to local veterans and one-man businesses, the Building Committee let 16 subcontracts, saving 25 per cent on each one. When the job had been completed locally, Canterbury counted the cost at $130,500, $28,000 under the original one-and-only-bid.

"Ah," you argue, "but what's *inside* these little schools that I should entrust my children to them?"

Recently, for example, at Hamilton College in Clinton, New York, the Jeffersonville Central School of Sullivan County swept through the state-wide tournament of the National Forensic League. Jeffersonville is a pretty small school. In fact, the 150 tournament competitors outnumbered its *total* enrollment of 95 pupils. And their coach was Joseph K. Strawbridge, who teaches both Latin and history, and directs the orators only as a hobby. But the *quality* of teaching was there, and that counted more than numbers.

As a matter of fact, in many small towns the cultural level is surprisingly high. You may have to put up with once-a-week movies, barn parties instead of night clubs, maybe hand-cranked phones. But with radio and television, you and your neighbors laugh at the same jokes and wear the same clothes as New York or Seattle.

More important, there is intellectual stimulation. You will be asked to join reading and discussion groups and perhaps the town's own (amateur) symphony orchestra. Best of all, in these cultural activities, there will be *doing* instead of viewing, as is the way in the big cities where professional talent puts the amateur to shame.

ANOTHER SURPRISING development in small-town living is the fuller life that the women now lead, not in the kitchen but in public affairs and in business. It may be a simple craft operation, such as the thriving one-woman jewelry business now being operated by the wife of a graduate student in Bloomington, Indiana, a college town. Till recently, she had spent most of her life in Berlin, London, and Chicago, but when her husband transferred to Bloomington, she gave up her job with an exclusive jewelry concern and took along her own tools and materials.

With a workroom in her new home, and a rented store for display purposes, she began turning out handcrafted jewelry. There was such enthusiastic local demand that she now has a salesroom in the house, and has branched out with exhibitions in cities. Extra orders obtained from the exhibits carried through slack periods.

Probably Small Town Lady No. 1 is Mrs. Grace Wilson Van Brunt, a graying, soft-voiced dress executive, who returned home to Belton, Missouri, with a $1,000,000-a-year industry that literally saved the town from disaster.

Until 1937, the village of 971 was known only as the burying place of Carrie Nation. Such a distinction could not avert the creeping depression that left buildings and homes empty, and drove away high-school graduates.

And then, in Kansas City, where she was living, Mrs. Van Brunt thought up the now-famous Grace line of infant wear, including the "crawler" which has become the most-copied infants' garment. Belton, just 23 miles away, decided to bring Grace and her business back home.

The decision was by unanimous

vote at an open meeting of all the townsfolk and, though Belton was poverty-stricken, it hadn't lost the most priceless assets of a good small town anywhere—hope and enthusiasm.

In less than a day, people who couldn't afford it chipped in more than $2 apiece, for a total of $2,779.50, and a sewing-machine school was promptly opened to train local women. The Belton theater moved out of City Hall to make way for Mrs. Van Brunt's enterprise, and later half a dozen other businesses, from the saloon to the hatchery, agreed to be transferred to other locations as the garment business expanded.

You should see the town today! Gone are the vacant buildings and homes. Gone are the long faces and merchants' unpaid bills. Nowadays, the high-school graduates are staying in town. And you will find that 300 Belton people have good jobs and security in what they very properly consider a home-grown, home-run enterprise.

All across the country, the little places are thrilling to a manifest destiny they haven't known since the railroad was cut through town. A little Yankee community quietly persuades the American Guernsey Cattle Club to locate its headquarters there. The same town, Peterborough, New Hampshire, also is the home of the MacDowell Colony for artists and musicians, and has persuaded the School of Advanced International Studies in Washington to conduct its summer sessions in Peterborough.

"Local effort and initiative," says Sulo J. Tani, director of the State Planning and Development Commission, "deserve credit for thus attracting visitors, friends, money—and prosperity—to the town."

Don't think that these places have just sat quietly and waited for prosperity to catch up with them. They have *fought* for their place in the economic sun.

At the end of the war, Taylorsville, in the apple country of western North Carolina, suffered a stunning blow. The Southern Railroad announced abandonment of the 18 miles of track which linked Taylorsville to the rest of the U.S.A. In effect, the town of 1,500 inhabitants was marooned.

Few big-city experts would have moved as quickly, as daringly, and as efficiently as did Taylorsville's 21. They were the town's Rotarians, who raised $100,000 to buy Southern's right-of-way and three stations, chartered the "Alexander Railroad Company," and found themselves rather suddenly in the railroad business.

Of their dozen employees, the engineer was an ex-farmer, and only one knew anything about railroading. Their "superintendent," who handled freight, express, claims, finances, and paper work, was Rotarian Lawrence P. Zachary, ex-art salesman.

Can the individual count in the small town if he wants to? The "Alexander" was Zachary's idea, and with his Rotarians and his town, he pushed the dream through to reality.

Today, if you get off the main railroad lines, you will find the "Alexander" running on schedule with well-filled boxcars. The line even owns a brand-new engine, and further, these small-town amateurs on wheels have been paying a three per cent cash dividend!

Today's prosperity in the little places is obvious beyond argument. And obviously, too, it gives an affirmative answer to Question No. 1 of the CORONET survey: *Is there sociological and industrial validity for believing that the present small-town boom can be sustained?*

THE SECOND CORONET question—whether the little towns are taking advantage of their current edge over the big cities—might well be resented by the modern-minded selectmen and councilmen who are setting styles for some big towns to copy. For instance, take Mooresfield, West Virginia (pop. 2,800), which is making a living inventory of all its resources as a guide for future correction and expansion. The flaw that curses every big city is that it "just growed," and planning must be superimposed in slow, costly fashion to correct past mistakes. This will never happen in Mooresfield.

After a professional survey of two years, Mooresfield will know *everything* about Mooresfield: all the municipal facilities from schools and streets to health, taxes, and economic resources. Even the semi-public services like the town bank and town newspaper are being studied, and the region's geological structure, too.

Furthermore, thanks to the enterprise of the town fathers, this searching "autobiography" isn't going to cost Mooresfield a penny. The town shopped around among schools and colleges, and found that American University in Washington, D. C., wanted to make a full-scale field experiment in the latest polling and sampling techniques. Quickly, Mooresfield took advantage of the situation, and invited the pedagogues in. The $30,000 cost of the survey is being borne by special foundation grants.

Today, many of the big cities have sales taxes, "use" taxes, hotel-room taxes, even municipal income taxes in some instances. How would you like to settle in a town where the prospects are that all local taxes —*realty and personal alike*—will be waived two years from now?

That's the outlook for the 8,000 residents of Madison, Illinois, across the Mississippi from North St. Louis, because the town owns its own bridge. Through tolls from the Chain of Rocks Bridge, Madison expects to make $90,000 to $100,000 yearly, beginning in 1951. The city's operating costs are about $160,000 yearly, but $40,000 of that already is borne by state gas-tax refunds and license fees. Madison hopes that income from the bridge will carry most of the budget without any local taxation.

Finally, when you try to assess the well-planned attack by small towns against big-city dominance, you come across things as intangible—but as real—as the fresh-smelling air you breathe in the little places. "Stay here a few days," says Hal Borland of Charlemont, Massachusetts, "and you realize that the State House in Boston is well over the horizon, the Capitol in Washington is a long way off, the Kremlin in Moscow is only something you hear about on the radio."

In such places, crime is rare, children have back lots and fields to play in, juvenile delinquency is less of a problem. In race and religion, the differing groups *must* rub elbows instead of isolating themselves in foreign-language colonies, and so the little places are too big for bigotry and prejudice.

Not long ago in Bolton, Massachusetts, the members of one faith raised and harvested an acre of corn. Then members of many faiths attended the church "corn dinner," and the $300 profits went into a building fund.

In Shrub Oak, New York, businessmen, mechanics, a school principal, and skilled labor—men of all trades and religions—worked together without pay to replace the community hall of the local Methodist Church, which had been destroyed during a blizzard.

IF, LIKE INCREASING thousands of Americans, you thrill to the picture of a small-town renaissance, the final question of the CORONET survey has tremendous personal importance. *Are there really feasible opportunities for people who want to rear their families in the decent, healthy, friendly way of the small towns?*

Every day, big-city residents, artists and artisans alike, *are* making the break successfully. The assets they must have are by no means superhuman: a certain amount of cash and foreknowledge, a lot of courage and determination. Artist to farmer, New Yorker to New Mexican, here are some capsule success stories that prove the point:

In Eagle River, Wisconsin, George Plaut, a Chicago commercial artist, has found that he can live by long-range freelancing through the mails; and in Harbor Springs, Michigan, Charles Marentette, Detroit ex-newspaperman, lives comfortably off his *Trav-O-Guide*, a tourist periodical of the Michigan resort country.

Two of his neighbors, formerly of Grand Rapids, are running a rental-storage boat yard so successfully that one of the partners has been president of the Harbor Springs Chamber of Commerce.

Dick Bokum, who used to work for Sears Roebuck in Chicago, bought two weeklies (total circulation 300) at Santa Fe, New Mexico, paying $950. Whipping up the circulation to 4,000, he now grosses about $160,000 yearly from the papers and his job-printing business.

In New England, an ex-New Yorker who once held a Stock Exchange seat finds more fun—and serenity—in running a self-service laundry. Hundreds of miles away, two other ex-metropolites, Richard Schoenberger and his wife, who once were executives with the famous designer, Norman Bel Geddes, are now in partnership with an ex-manufacturer in a 1,400-acre dude ranch near Granby, Colorado.

But always, beyond the individual material success and the graphs of industrial accomplishment, you come again to the two fundamental traits of the small town that shine so brightly in today's topsy-turvy world. For want of better words, you might call these virtues *indestructibility* and *remembrance*—the physical and the soulful—and they merge somehow into a reassuring defiance of change and time.

Here, for example, is a true story that points the moral of this small-town indestructibility and remembrance. It happened in rural Warren Township, New Jersey. When

12-year-old Elizabeth Eckel died, her parents decorated the grave with Elizabeth's most treasured possession. It was a crude little glass dollhouse made of window sashes, but it was Elizabeth's only dollhouse and she had loved it.

Inside they placed her dark-haired doll, as though she were about to pour tea from the toy china set, and they opened a book of religious poems at Elizabeth's favorite passage: *All that He has spoken, He will surely do; nothing shall be broken, every word is true.*

All this happened sometime back in the '80s, and the Eckel family disappeared from Warren Township years ago. But this year, if you chance to drive past little Coontown Cemetery, you will find the dollhouse bright in new white paint, the tea set spotless and shining, the dark-haired doll wearing a new blue-and-white Victorian dress.

Yes, friendship strikes deep, remembering roots in these little places. For three generations, the neighboring women, their daughters, and their granddaughters have faithfully tended Elizabeth's grave.

Whether you hunger for security, modest success, or the heart-warming intangibles of life that seem to elude us more and more, the small towns of America stand ready with a simple answer that has been time-tested since the Revolution and before. More and more, big-city Americans, jaded by the complexities of the metropolis, find haven and happiness in turning back to the simplicity of their forefathers' way of life.

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

THE SCREEN DOOR had inadvertently been left open all morning, and the young couple were busily swatting flies.

"How many did you get?" the wife asked, pausing for a moment.

"Eight," answered the husband. "Four males and four females."

"Four males and—what?" she exclaimed. "How could you tell the males from the females?"

"Easiest thing in the world," grinned her husband. "Four were on the sugar bowl—and four on the mirror." —PRISCILLA KENNETH

CHIEF JUSTICE Salmon P. Chase was a master of legal lore who shone with a scarcely less resplendent light in the drawing room. There the ladies adored him for his splendid social graces.

Shortly after the close of the War Between the States, Justice Chase visited the South, where he was introduced to a very beautiful woman who prided herself upon her devotion to the "Lost Cause."

"Mr. Chase," remarked the fair charmer, with a challenging light in her eyes, "you see before you a rebel who has not been reconstructed."

"Madam," rejoined the gallant Justice, bowing low, "reconstruction in your case—even in the slightest degree—would be nothing short of sacrilege!" —*Wall Street Journal*

A MOTHER TOOK her seven-year-old daughter to a very progressive modern school. Among the questions asked was: "Are you a little girl or a little boy?"

The child replied: "I'm a boy."

The teacher then explained at great length, scaring the mother in the process, that the girl was psychologically confused and should be put in a class for problem children.

On the way home the mother inquired, "Darling, why did you say you are a little boy?"

"Well," said the daughter disgustedly, "when anyone asks me a dumb question, I give a dumb answer." —*Reading RR Magazine*

TWO NURSEMAIDS were wheeling their infant charges in the park when one asked the other:

"Are you going to the dance tomorrow night?"

"I'm afraid not."

"What! And you so fond of dancing!"

"I'd love to go, but to tell you the truth, I'm afraid to leave the baby with its mother." —LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND

WILSON MIZNER, the late humorist, who spent many years around San Francisco, had a favorite fable about a pair of Nob Hill ladies who went "slumming" along Skid Row. In the first block they

some Sweltering summer day

find out about Tampax

Perhaps the best time to become acquainted with Tampax is on a hot summer day. The difference *then* is almost startling. Here is monthly sanitary protection with no heat-dampened belt or pad—for Tampax is an *internal absorbent.* It is invisible and unfelt when in use. And O so clean!

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were stopped by a panhandler who sensed an easy "touch."

"Y'gotta help me, ladies," he croaked. "I ain't had nothin' to eat for three days."

The first member of Nobhillity was shocked. She turned to her companion. "Did you hear that?" she asked with a tear in her voice. "This man says he hasn't eaten for three days."

Then she turned back to the hopeful panhandler, laid a hand on his shoulder, and said firmly: "My good man, you must force yourself to eat!"

—Herb Caen, *Baghdad by the Bay* (Doubleday)

A young writer with the prosaic name of Smith assumed a flossy pen name and wrote a best seller—a historical, romantic, palpitating opus that was gobbled up by the public and the movies.

On the strength of his success, the writer married the beautiful girl of his dreams, traveled widely, and was idolized by the ladies who sat on resort-hotel porches. All this adulation was very wonderful for a while. But at last it began to pall on the couple.

One evening they entered a swank hotel in a large city, and when the novelist picked up the pen to register, his bride said in a low voice: "Why don't we just register under the name of Smith this time, darling?"

And the hotel clerk gave her a horrified look. —*Wall Street Journal*

Because my small brother kept coming into the living room, my date gave him a quarter to get rid of him. To his surprise little brother handed back ten cents.

When asked why he had done so, he replied, "I'm a businessman, I charge everyone the same price!"

—New York *Daily News*

"Why, this case should have been settled out of court," snapped the judge, looking down at the two disheveled women.

One of them snapped right back indignantly, "That's just what we *were* doing—when a nasty old cop interfered!" —Hilda Heym

In the window of his establishment, a certain Dixie haberdasher arranged a new consignment of sports shirts and ties of the most brilliant and wildly clashing colors.

While the gaudy display spoke eloquently enough for itself, the merchant added as a final touch a small placard bearing the arresting word: "Listen!" —Andrew Meredith

The strait-laced old lady was annoyed by the amorous couple seated in front of her at the movies. Unable to contain her indignation, she tapped the youth on the shoulder and asked: "Must you behave like this in public? Have you no place of your own you can go to?"

The ardent swain turned to her eagerly: "Oh, Madame," he said, "if only you could persuade her."

—*Tatler & Bystander*

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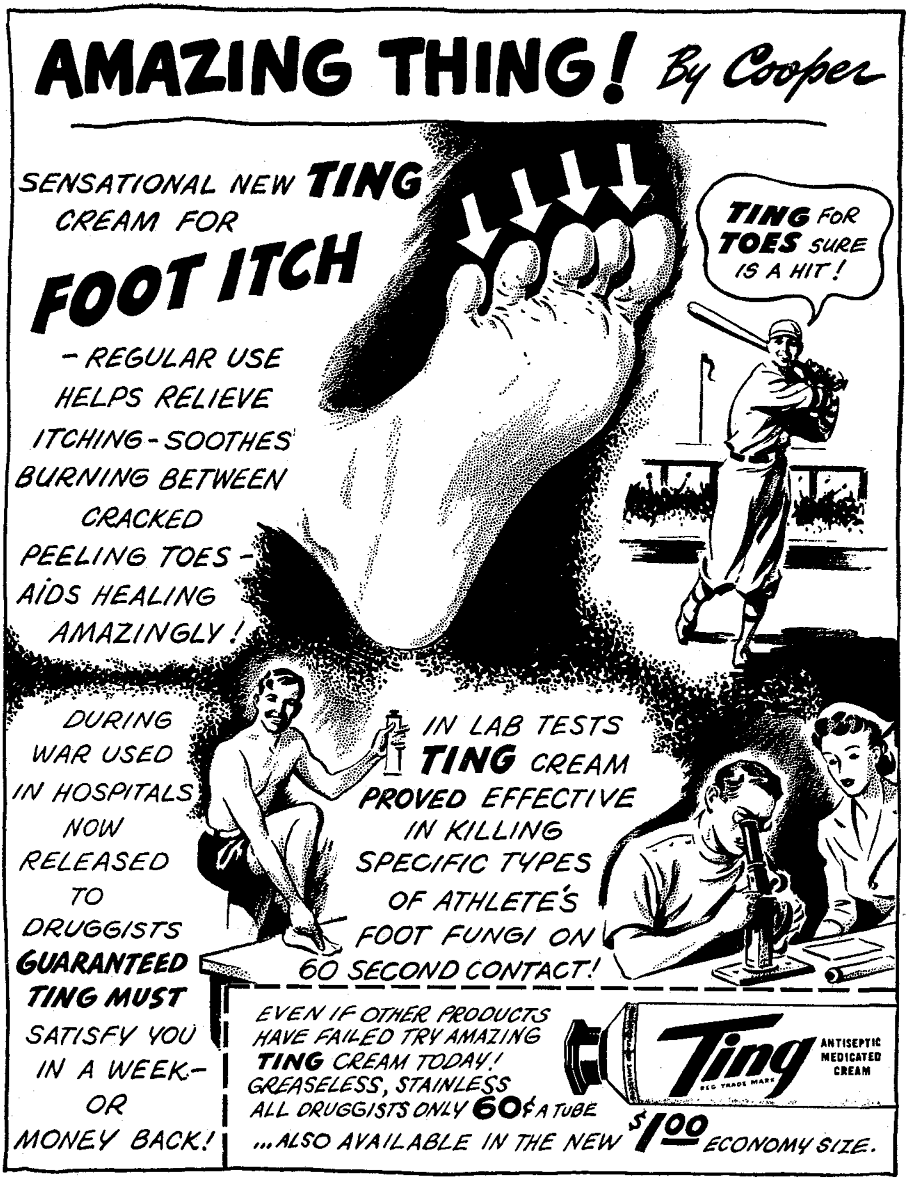

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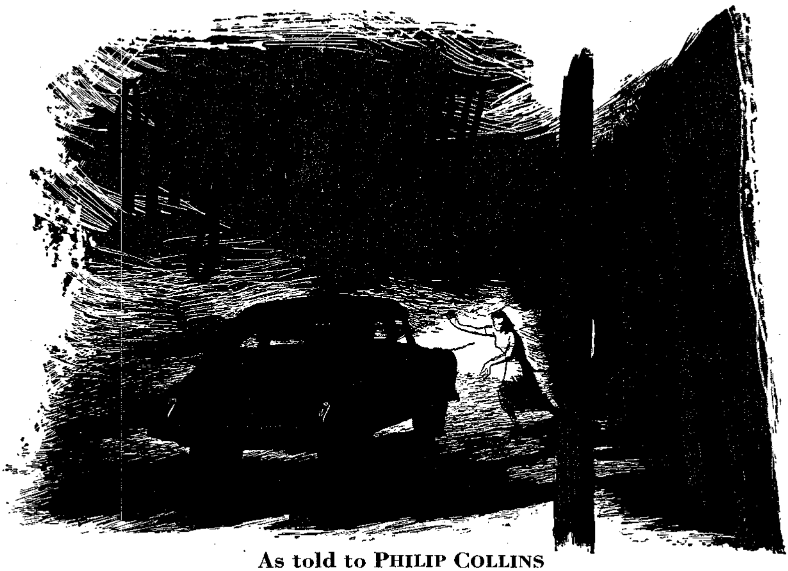

As told to **PHILIP COLLINS**

Here is the poignant story of a stricken child and the power of a mother's faith

NOT BECAUSE I WAS a mother, but because I was a doctor, they allowed me to remain at our son's bedside in a ward at the Isolation Hospital. With the epidemic climbing to a peak, the room was being used for suspect polio cases.

In the ward down the hall, I could hear other children crying, but my small son, after a frightened "Mummy!" when they had come to tap his spine, had fallen into a semi-sleep.

The interne looked gray and exhausted when he finally returned. "I'm sorry, doctor," he said quietly. "It looks like polio."

I stared in disbelief. In another child I would have been convinced, but this was my own son. Suddenly, I was not a doctor but a mother with a stricken child.

"There's no paralysis—no muscle weakening—yet?" I said.

"Not yet. I hope there will be none." He looked at me then. "If I may, doctor," he said, "I'd suggest you go home and try to sleep. We'll call you if there is any change."

I nodded mutely. It was past midnight. I had been up since five that morning. The city was in a state of medical emergency, with cases mounting hourly. I looked down at the flushed, thin face of our son. I knew there was nothing I could do now except wait—like any other parent. I wanted to hold him in my arms. Instead, I turned and walked quickly from the room.

The house felt still and empty as I let myself in. My husband was in Chicago on a business trip. I went to the phone. Then I decided not to call him—if there was no change by morning, there would be hope.

I took a sedative, but fear broke through my mind in sickening

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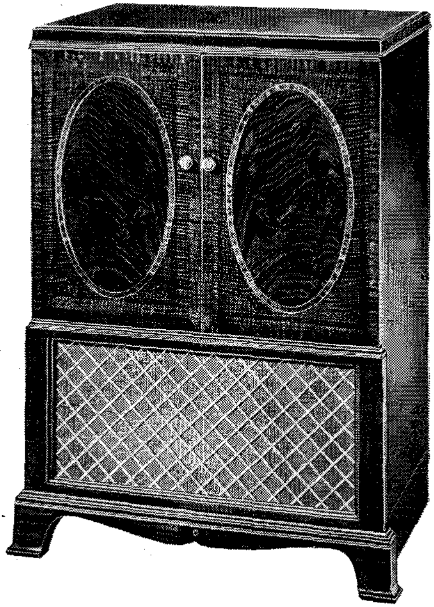

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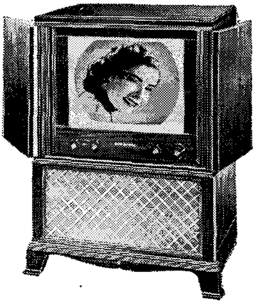

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waves. . . . It seemed hours later when the phone rang. Suddenly, I sat bolt upright. The clock on the night table said 4 A.M.

A woman's voice came over the phone in a high, sharp cry. "To speak to Dok-ter—*please?*"

Relief drained through me. It was only a night call. I explained that I was the doctor.

There was a pause that told me clearly she was not a patient of mine, nor a friend of one. In small Midwestern cities like ours, women doctors are still rarities. Then she went on, her words jumbled.

Her baby was sick—could I come —right away? I was sure, even before she began to describe the symptoms, that dreaded polio had touched another child.

I took down the address. Then I got up and called the hospital. There was no change.

THE DESERTED STREETS gave me a feeling of being completely alone as I drove through the sleeping city. Far out on the eastern margin of town, the dark shapes of houses began to thin out. Suddenly I saw a lantern in the road ahead.

My headlights picked up the figure of a woman. She ran to the car window, sobbing breathlessly: "Dok-ter, Dok-ter!" Her sunken cheeks were streaked with tears. She might have been 35—or 50.

A moment later I turned into the yard of a one-room shack. My work had taken me into many slum dwellings, yet I was unprepared for what I saw as she threw open the door and stood aside.

In the lantern light, three ghostly looking children sat on benches at a table of bare boards. The rest of the room was shrouded in gloom, except for a flickering candle burning under a plaster statue of the Madonna on the wall. Under the rumpled quilt on the bed lay a whimpering child.

The woman crossed herself as I approached the bed. The child, about five years old, was frail and undernourished. My hands grew icy as I completed my examination. The signs were unmistakable.

I asked the woman where I could telephone. Her voice broke as she said: "Come—I show you."

As we drove to the highway, I questioned her gently. She was a widow, there was no money, she worked as a cleaning woman.

I called the hospital from an all-night diner, and we drove back in silence. There was no change.

As we waited for the ambulance, I examined the other children. All showed the effects of malnutrition —nothing else. As I finished, the stricken child began to cry.

"Dok-ter?" the woman's voice rose in alarm.

"She is very sick," I told the mother honestly. "But we will do everything we can."

She stroked the child's soft hair. Then she rose, and her face had a strange, almost luminous quality. "We must pray," she said simply.

In all the years I had been practicing, no patient had ever asked me to pray. Somehow, I sensed that this woman was closer to a far greater knowledge than mine, and I could not refuse.

We knelt together, the woman, the three children, and I, on the rough floor. For a moment, there was no sound. Then the mother began to pray in a tongue which I

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recognized, but could not follow.

Her eyes were lifted to the Madonna. For a moment, I felt like an intruder, kneeling there. Then I became aware of her voice, as eloquent as music. In the tiny room, it rose and fell like the suppliant song of a cathedral choir.

Soon, out of the terrible fear that lay beneath the surface of my mind, the familiar corridors of the hospital began to take shape before my eyes. I seemed to see again the strained face of the young interne, and then my own son, lying as I had last seen him, like a pale shadow against the pillow.

It was a strange illusion, for I actually seemed to be standing at his bedside. Then, the blood suddenly drained from my heart. For as clearly as though I *was* standing in the hospital, miles away, I saw my son look up at me, and the boyish smile I knew so well played around his lips.

I knew I must dismiss the vision of my son as a figment of my own overwrought mind. Yet, as I stared at the woman and her children, I knew that I was a silent witness to a rare and lovely faith. And suddenly, something of the woman's warm belief seemed to touch me. I cannot remember whether I said it aloud, but I know the words formed in my mind: "Oh God, hear them."

The prayer drifted into silence, and the woman returned to the bedside. Her hand beckoned. The child lay still as a waxen doll.

"You see," the woman said simply. "God hears. She sleeps."

God hears! The words echoed in my brain. I wanted to tell her—but I could not speak. Instead, I leaned down to the child.

She barely stirred as they lifted her into the ambulance. In that brief half hour, her breathing had improved, her pulse had become more forceful. As I turned to go, I took what money I had and pressed it into the mother's hand.

"Until you can work again," I said. Then I smiled at the upturned faces of her children, and added, "I will come again tomorrow."

I walked toward my car, and looked up at the sky. It was brightening into dawn. As I drove toward the hospital, I was no longer afraid. For now I knew that my son would look up at me—and smile.

Slow Down for Slogans (Answers to quiz on page 65)

1.-J; 2.-G; 3.-D; 4.-E; 5.-B; 6.-H; 7.-A; 8.-L; 9.-K; 10.-C; 11.-I; 12.-F.

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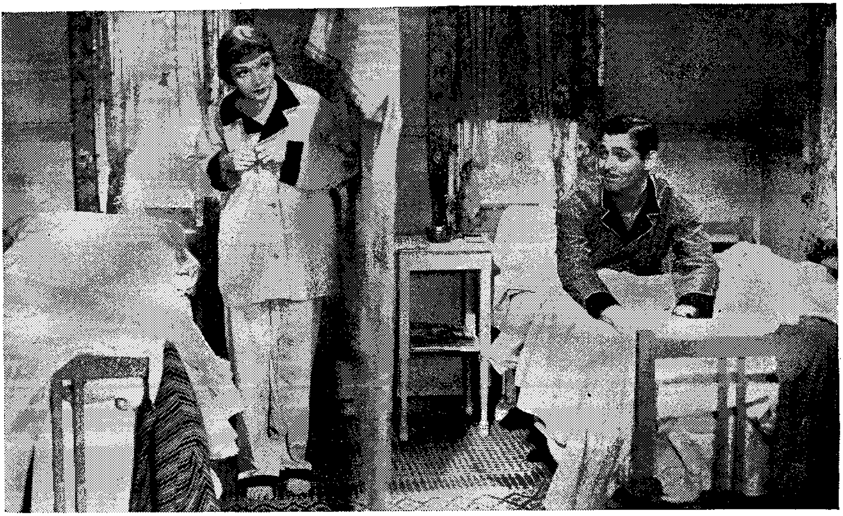

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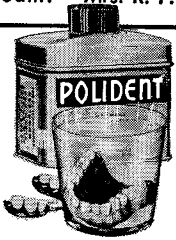

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COMET OF DESTINY

ONE OF HISTORY'S unsung lovers was the great humorist, Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain. Although a confirmed skeptic in religious matters, the Missouri-born writer wooed and finally won the devout daughter of a prominent merchant in Elmira, New York. Twain's subsequent years with Olivia Langdon Clemens were the happiest of his life.

In 1905, his beloved partner became ill. In vain attempts to improve her health, he took her from New York to Maine, then back to Elmira and, finally, to Italy. There, on June 5, 1906, Twain painfully wrote in his diary: "At a quarter past nine this evening, she that was the life of my life passed to the relief of heavenly peace of death."

The widower suffered an anguished bereavement. He scoffed at suicide, yet he often expressed a desire to join Livvy in the next world. But belief in a strange fate postponed that reunion.

"It must be Halley's Comet," he said. "You see, I came into the world with that thing in 1835. It doesn't appear again until 1910. I expect to go out with it then. The Almighty said, no doubt: 'Here are two unaccountable freaks. They came in together; they must go out together.' I'm looking forward to that!"

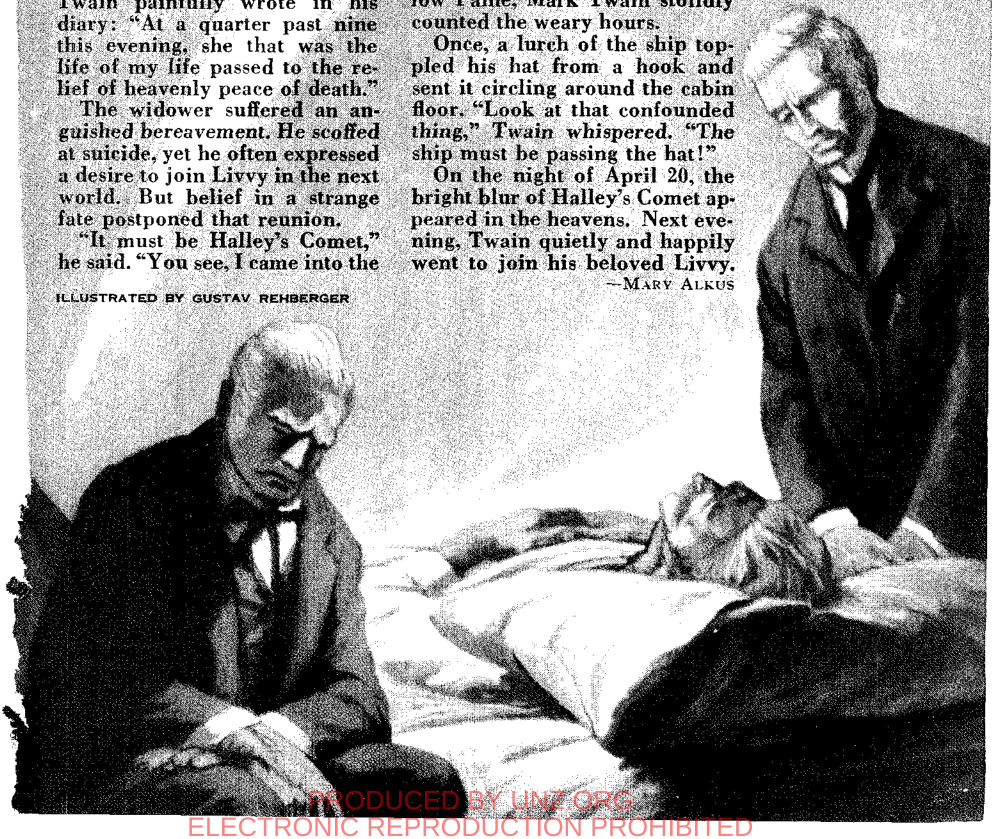
Six years later, in April, 1910, Twain was carried aboard a homeward-bound ship from Bermuda. Heart trouble, coupled with undimmed sorrow at Livvy's death, was killing him. Half-asleep from opiates administered to relieve his suffering, and attended by his faithful butler, Claude, and author Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain stolidly counted the weary hours.

Once, a lurch of the ship toppled his hat from a hook and sent it circling around the cabin floor. "Look at that confounded thing," Twain whispered. "The ship must be passing the hat!"

On the night of April 20, the bright blur of Halley's Comet appeared in the heavens. Next evening, Twain quietly and happily went to join his beloved Livvy.

—MARY ALKUS

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER



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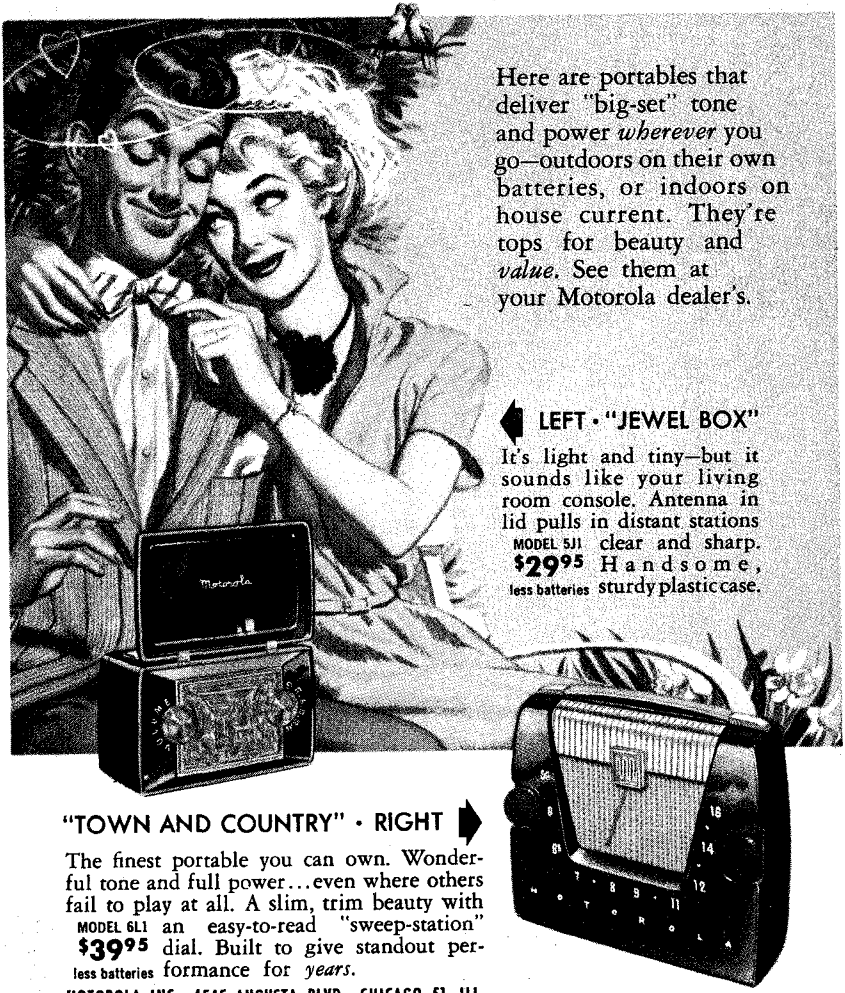

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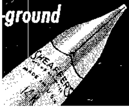
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